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Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

No. 13.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1914. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

"SHOULD A TEACHER TELL?"

Modern Life

No. 43. Week ending February 28. One Penny.

EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.
NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS:—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words). Humorous and topical sketches (line drawings) will also be considered. Stamped envelope should be enclosed. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

English Princesses and the Monarchies.

The easy freedom with which the King of Sweden proposes to "chuck his job" is in no small way due to an English Princess. Margaret of Connaught, who will to-morrow, perhaps, be Queen of Sweden, has presented her husband, the Swedish Crown Prince, with no less than three sons and a daughter since she went to Stockholm. English princesses are always dynastically successful. That was why Alfonso of Spain married our Protestant Princess Ena. She, too, has maintained the reputation of our Hanoverian ladies. So has Marie of Roumania, future Queen of that pretty country on the "Blue Danube." She was the late Duke of Edinburgh's (King Edward's next brother) eldest daughter, and five children have followed her marriage when she was still a girl in short frocks to the Crown Prince of Roumania. Queen Maud of Norway, too, has ensured the succession to the new Norwegian throne, and other of Queen Victoria's granddaughters, the Tsarina and Princess Henry of Prussia, have all been "up to expectations" in the fundamental matter. What a pity Princess Pat. doesn't get married!

* * *

A Prince Looking for Trouble.

So William of Wied, the would-be King of Albania—we *do* hope he won't call himself "Tsar"—has got as far as Rome. He will want a lot of "blessing" to make good in Albania. The fate of Alexander of Battenberg in Bulgaria; of Otho of Bavaria in Greece; and of Milan Obrenovitch in Belgrade, is much more likely to be his portion. Probably the poor fellow can't help himself, however. He is the nominee of his aunt, the poet-Queen of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva," who is herself a Princess of the House of Wied. In deference to this charming lady's desire for a great future for her tall and handsome nephew, the Powers seem willing to let Willie of Wied go to almost inevitable destruction. Willie obviously doesn't know the job he is taking on. The Moslems alone in Albania will see to it that he never "reigns." Keep this in mind, gentle reader, and see how long Willie takes to learn the lessons we are here offering him.

* * *

Troublesome Times for the Moslem Monarchs.

Why, even the *old* monarchs of the Moslem world cannot keep their jobs in these "advanced" days. Within the last ten years the King of Afghanistan has been murdered; the Shah of Persia has been deposed; the Sultan of Morocco has been chased all over North Africa and "fired"; the Sultan of Turkey has been kicked out of Constantinople, with all his wives and concubines; and the only important Mahommedan ruler who is firmly fixed upon his ancestral throne is the Khedive of Egypt! And who keeps him firm? England! Where Abbas II. would be if Kitchener carried out the threat he made to Abbas nearly twenty years ago and told him to "clear out" we dread to think.

* * *

A Highly-Respectable Marquess.

We are sorry to see the note in *Truth* about the Marquess of Breadalbane. Perhaps you never heard of Lord Breadalbane, so we will tell you about him. He is one of the demurest, most respectable members of the nobility. He never forgets that Queen Victoria improved him into a Marquess without his having done a hand's turn to it. Consequently, he has always been uncommonly careful to keep out of the limelight, and Piccadilly knows him not. He has a lovely place in Scotland, where his ancestors for centuries have ruled the roast in feudal style, and he has written books about his mountain-climbing and his shooting "bags." He is married to a charming lady, who is so exclusive that she only entertains her own and Lord Breadalbane's relations, and as they can almost be counted on the fingers of the two hands, you can imagine that the Breadalbanes are a lively lot. What!

* * *

Lord Breadalbane's "Black Mark."

No matter, Markisses in these days *do* get up to extraordinary tricks that it is rather refreshing to think Lord Breadalbane, who is the one noble soul of his class who has never said a wrong word, nor been engaged to the wrong lady. But Lord Breadalbane has at last scored against himself a black mark. It appears that his Lordship is Governor of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, which, as usual, has just paid its shareholders 20 per cent. The bank is old and rich, and for many years its clerks have been interested in the progress of a fund to secure themselves pensions, which has now amounted to no less than that £110,000. *Truth* says the Directors of the Bank have now coolly appropriated a fund which for years has been specifically ear-marked for the staff of under-paid and overworked officials—"an exhibition of meanness which should bring all responsible for it into well-deserved contempt." We should have liked to have seen Lord Breadalbane's face when he read those lines.

* * *

World's Champion Optimist.

The marriage of dear old Thomas Hardy reminds us that the new century has seen a remarkable turn-over of public opinion in regard to the marriages of May and December. In Victorian days such unions were regarded almost as an outrage, and were by no means common. Nowadays the old celebrities are showing remarkable spirit and go in for it. Old Lord Wemyss got wed when he was well over eighty, and already had a boy sixty years old—Lord Elcho. Lord Donegall, fifth Marquess, was also an octogenarian when he took Miss Twining to the altar, and begot a son and heir, the present Marquess, within a year. But the heartiest of our newly-married veterans is surely Sir Harry Waechter, who may be truthfully described as the greatest optimist who ever lived.

* * *

"The United States of Europe!"

Sir Harry and his young bride have recently been cruising in German waters, having chats with the Kaiser and his brother, and other powerful princes, and all in furtherance of Sir Harry's pet idea of welding the monarchies of Europe into "The United States of Europe," where the coins and stamps and uniforms and suffragettes shall be alike; where the Kings shall be mere human toys, and all mankind become in reality one vast international brotherhood. Did you ever know anything so commonplace, unpicturesque, so appallingly prosaic, and so devastatingly unpoetical as the disappearance of the nations, and the adoption of one dead level of nationality, speech and all?

* * *

Not a Pretty Idea.

What Englishman worthy of the name would wish a Frenchman to cut off his lovely flowing whiskers; what true-born Briton would desire the subjects of Germany to stop eating horse-meat and sausages! What artistic Italian doner would wish the organ-grinder to merge himself in the vast army of Cockneys, and to desert Saffron Hill for Brixton or Golder's Green! We do hope dear old Sir Harry will never see the realisation of his pretty scheme. He will, mark you, *he* thinks it all right; and that it may, and will come to pass if he only keeps it going. Wonderful old gentleman, Sir Harry Waechter! His marriage, entre nous, has been very successful!

* * *

Poor Praise for Sir Laurence.

Poor Sir Laurence Gomme! He has retired from the high position he had under the L.C.C., and the *Pall Mall* pays him this doubtful compliment: "London should always remember him with gratitude if only because he invented the names of 'Aldwych' and 'Kingsway.'" Again we say, "Poor Sir Laurence Gomme!" If that is all the public deserves, well, he must be sick and sorry for himself. What are the special merits, too, of "Aldwych" and "Kingsway"? Both names are now so familiar that we have got

them, but when they were invented they always struck us very much like the imitation Tudor half-timbered villas at Golder's Green—spurious efforts at the antique.

* * *

"Whetstone Park, W.C."

Who remembers, by the way, the genius who invented the prettiest street name known—"The Strand," after which thousands of streets have been named all over the world? And who could say who were the geniuses who invented the names "Whetstone Park," for the ugly little alley that runs behind the Holborn Empire, or "The Colonnade" for the mews near Russell Square? And now that Sir Laurence Gomme has gone, may we suggest that the L.C.C. create a new office called "Official Street-Namer for London and Suburbs" at a salary of £2,000 (giving us the job, of course), and we will undertake to invent at least fifty street names a day for the next ten years, when London will stop growing!

* * *

A Romance from Northants.

One wedding frequently leads to another, and already I hear of a pretty romance which is like to set the wedding bells of Brington, in Northamptonshire, ringing again shortly. Charlie Mills, one of the most popular bachelors in Britain, who was best man on Wednesday, when Mr. Sidney Peel married Lady Delia Spencer, is supposed to be a trifle potty about Lady Delia's young sister, Lady Lavinia, a flapper of fifteen, who, however, looked very grown-up at the wedding the other day, and who would be an ideal bride for Charlie, if only she were a bit older. Charlie can wait, of course. His bachelor days are not of the sort any man is in a hurry to give up. Heir to one of the richest peers in Britain—Lord Hillingdon, of Glyn, Mills and Co.'s Bank—Charlie Mills has been the object of a hundred mas-in-law, and if he weds Lord Spencer's pretty daughter Lavinia he will defeat them all, for the Spencer ladies lost their mother years ago!

* * *

A "Man of Blood"—and Money!

Charlie Mills has been the most-invited *parti* for the last five years. His grandmother was one of the daughters of the third Earl of Harewood, and his mother was one of the daughters of old Lord Suffield, who was for over forty years in the Royal household. Charlie Mills is, therefore, a "man of blood," in spite of his unpretentious handle. His father, Lord Hillingdon, has a fine sporting estate, called "Wildernesse," near Sevenoaks, and he is very popular with general society, and has been one of our notable coaching men for years past. Charlie Mills for a time enjoyed the distinction of being the "baby" of the House of Commons.

* * *

Hard Lines on the Baron.

How did the *Daily Express* come to know all its oft-repeated facts about Baron de Forest and his affairs in Bohemia? Did the *Express's* Jewish editor, Mr. Blumenfeld, bring the history of the Baron over with him from Vienna (or wherever he came from), when he crossed the Channel? It's a little bit hard on the Baron to have the one London daily which is ruled by a Jew (or one-time Jew, for we believe Mr. Blumenfeld now "kisses the Book!") delivering daily barbs at him, remembering that the millionaire from whom he inherited his title and estates, the late Jewish Baron de Hirsch, gave away tremendous sums for the relief of his compatriots, and for the foundation of a Jewish colony. Not that we express any opinions on the merits of the *Express's* charges against the Baron. It strikes us as all in the party game; and the *Express* requires no hints from us in mud-slinging when political "pulls" are wanted.

* * *

Shakespeare an "Awful Bore."

There is something very refreshing about Sir Mortimer Durand's story of the Shah Nasr-ed-Din's contemptuous references to Omar Khayyam, "who—pshaw!—had been dead a thousand years, and whose works were inferior to many more recent Persian poets"! This reminds us of old George the Third and his sneers at Shakespeare. Farmer George had no mind for Shakespearean problems, and no time to indulge in the delightful pastime—still as popular in literary circles as ever—of deciding precisely what Shakespeare meant by some of his observations. So, when somebody proceeded to rhapsodise to George III. about "Immortal Will," his Majesty put his hand to his mouth, and said, "But really, do you admire Shakespeare? You know I think him an awful bore, but, of course, one mustn't say so, on one's life!" And yet, you know, old George the Third was a quite sensible individual! When one remembers the appalling amount of fatuous praise poured upon the corpses of some of our recent writers it is really refreshing to remember that Kings are not afflicted with "literary" minds.

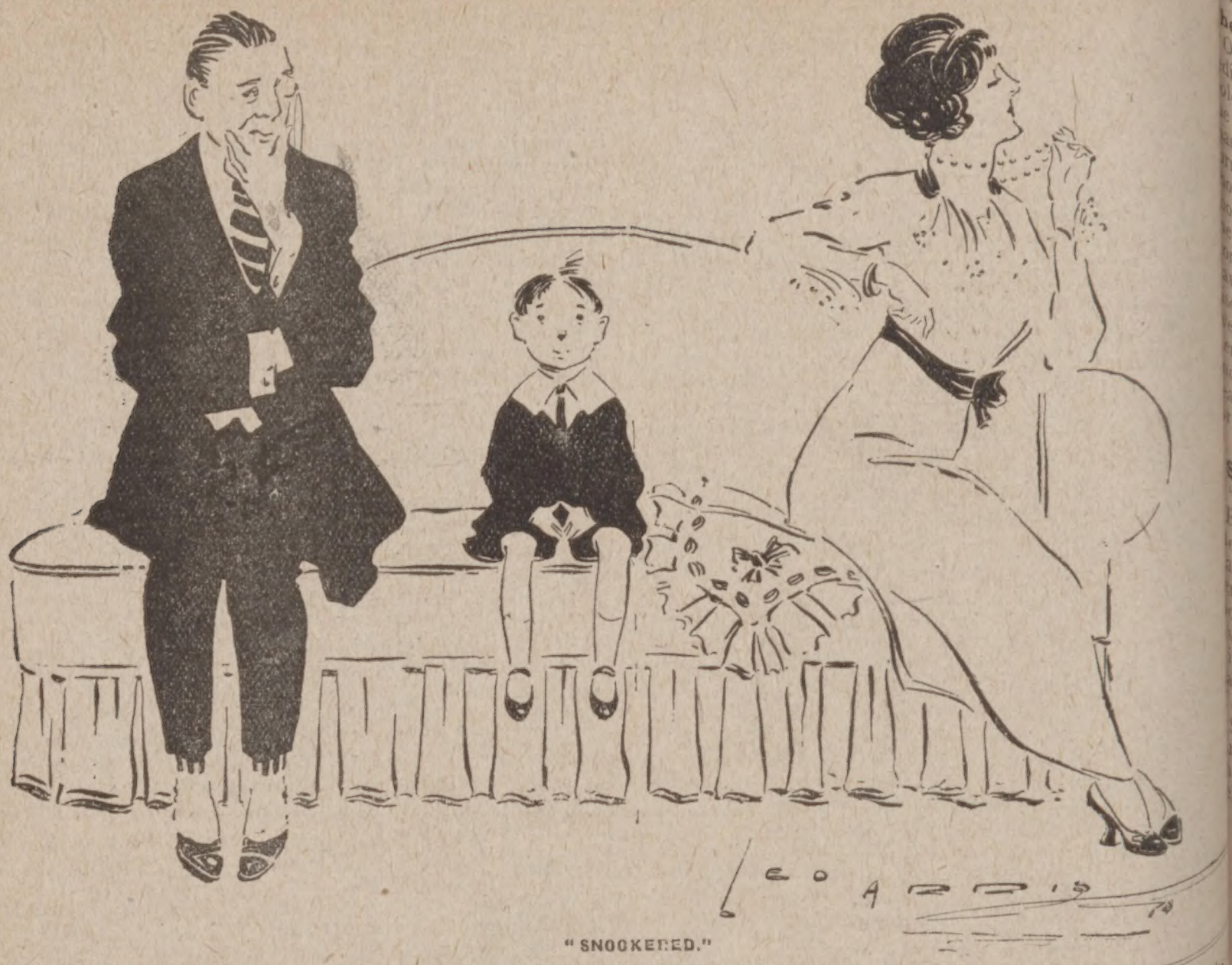
* * *

The "Straightening" of Fleet Street and the Strand.

Mention above of the Strand reminds us that at last the most notable building on the south side, the Tivoli, is closed for disappearance. Within a year or two, let us hope, Londoners may see a new Tivoli arise, which will not be a nuisance to all the Strand passers-by. Henceforth the Tivoli will line up with all the other new buildings—the Cecil, the Savoy, Simpsons, and so on. But whether any Englishman now living will see the day when the Strand buildings present one unbroken line is a very moot point. And as to Fleet Street, which has now been "straightening" ever since the writer can remember it, the process seems like to go on for ever, at the present rate. And—here is a little prophecy—by the time Fleet Street finishes its

APPROVAL.

Mistress: "Well, Mary, what do you think of my new costume?"
Mary: "All I can say is, if that don't get you on, Miss, nothin' will."



"SNOOKERED."

widening process by the disappearance of the Green Dragon —now, we believe, closed—and a few other buildings, another scheme will be in operation for the entire destruction of the buildings on the North side of the street! Fleet Street still requires another ten feet of clear roadway to make it comfortable. If you live till 2013 you may see it all completed!

* * *

An Asquithian and His Son.

Lord Aberconway is one of the fondest fathers on record. A year ago he promoted his son, the Hon. Francis McLaren, to the high position of a Director of the Metropolitan Railway. Hence the trouble at the "Met.'s" shareholders meeting the other day. Lord Aberconway was once "Mr. McLaren," but Mrs. Asquith rewarded him with a coronet, for reasons best known to her dear self. Anyway, Lord Aberconway, as he became, daily grows richer, and Mrs. Asquith, coming as she does of a family of "get-rich-quickers," has a wonderful admiration for the aristocracy of shares and debentures!

* * *

Nasty for the Ducal Hamiltons.

Lord Aberconway, by his smart selection of a title, seems like to figure as the first peer of the realm in perpetuity, for, owing to his name beginning with "Abercon" he now comes before the Duke of Abercorn in all the Peerages, and thus takes a sort of precedence of the ducal Hamiltons, who are firmly fixed upon the footsteps of the Throne, and have been members of the nobility for six hundred years! Bravo, m'Lord, yours is a wonderful career. But how many people, when they saw Lord Aberconway move the Address in the House of Lords last March, and his Lordship's son, the new Director, second the Address in the House of Commons, would have believed these two smart "statesmen" would have occasioned so much froth and mouthing as they did when the "Met.'s" shareholders arrived at Baker Street last Thursday? What a trouble some of his new lords must be to Mr. Asquith!

* * *

Queen Mary at Dudley House.

Queen Mary went to the house of an untitled American lady the other night to dinner. This is an event of the rarest character in the present reign. The lady is Mrs. John Ward, and she is the daughter of that popular American ambassador, Mr Whitelaw Reid, who died some months ago. Three other American ladies were of the party, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Countess of Granard (who were Miss Goelet and Miss Ogden Mills, both daughters of American millionaires) and Mrs. Reid, the late Ambassador's widow. Queen Mary, however, sat at the table between Mr. [illegible] (who is Lord Dudley's brother) and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Count Albert Mensdorff, who is one of King George's foreign blood relations. So that Her Majesty found no difficulty in getting through the meal with perfect ease, and no unnecessary annoyance from the "gushing" and "calculating" of the dollar princesses of real life.

* * *

When Royalty Smiled.

When Sir George Alexander appears at the Palladium on the occasion of their Majesties' visit there for the first time it will be the noble knight's first appearance at the Palladium Street house, too. It is curious that Sir George [illegible] manages to come in somewhere when Royalty is about. When Prince Arthur married the Fife princess three lots of presents figured in the list from the Alexanders. One wag wanted to know why Sir George's charwoman and scullery-maid hadn't made their Royal Highnesses a present. It was unkind to mention it, even if people *did* think it. But some people never can be shut up. However, Sir George is a wonderful actor, and he has made lots of money. And even Royalty will smile if you've got lots of money!

* * *

Georgina Countess of Dudley.

Lord and Lady Dudley were not at the dinner at [illegible] House. As most people know, there is a kink in the Dudley family of late, and Dudley House is lent by Lord Dudley to his brother and his American wife. For the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ward it must be admitted they do the honours (with Georgina Countess of Dudley) very well indeed. "Georgina Countess" was, of course, a tremendous favourite with King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and no dinner party in the last reign was complete without her. Her invariable good humour was her great fascination, as well as her undoubted good looks, which Time does not seem to wither. Dudley House, under its American régime, seems like to be a power in the land, and among the forthcoming functions there will be Queen Amelia's bazaar-opening in June, in aid of the Friends of the

hen Royalty will again be greatly in evidence as stall-olders.

* * *

he Value of "Old Masters."

Ought not Mr. Justice Eve to be arraigned on a charge of dition? He has just been making cynical remarks about old masters." "Some people," said his Lordship, "think e less you look at these old masters the better. Old asters—Velazquez and so on—what are they? I should rn them into cash if they were mine." (So, to be frank, ould we.) But Mr. Justice Eve's scorn of "old masters" ould have been left unsaid. If his Lordship knew how e possession of a few old masters is regarded as the salva-on of scores of noble families in this country, he would ave said nothing upon the subject. There is a noble ccount (we needn't mention his name) who has got credit er and over again on the strength of half a dozen embrandts and Ruisdaels, and three or four Franz Halses d Murillos. When the crash comes, as it will within the ar 1914, you will see what those few old masters have done r Viscount M—— for twenty years past!

* * *

Sir Baronet" Again.

"Sir Baronet," otherwise Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, of East Borne," as he styles it, is at it again. He writes to e Press to inform all and sundry that Bt. not Bart. should nd for Baronet when addressing one of these great rsons. He points out that "Bart" is short for Bar-olomew, that it is used in reference to a hospital, and o signifies the hair on the spine of a male chamois. To uch the matter "Sir Baronet" says the Council of the aronetage has adopted "Bt." as the correct abbreviation the title of Baronet.

Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, a wealthy man owning much d at Hampstead, grand old Charlton House at Woolwich, d a big Sussex property, a few years ago addressed this ghtful circular to his tenants in Sussex:—

There is a strong feeling amongst Baronets that the expression "Dear Sir" being constantly used in com-mencing a letter nowadays to their servants is therefore not only incongruous but also discourteous when applied to members of this Ancient and Hereditary Degree. I will therefore ask you in future to kindly accord me my title, and commence your letters to me "Sir Baronet" instead of "Dear Sir."

S. MARYON-WILSON,
Bt. of East Borne.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," said the wise man, and the expression "Sir Baronet" is likely to go down to posterity hand in hand with the name of Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson.

* * *

His Tirade about "the" Budget.

Though so rich this baronet was loudest in his outcries against the Budget on the ground that it would inflict financial burdens which he could not bear, except by discharging workpeople. He had posted on some ground at Blackheath a notice stating that, in the event of the land clauses of the Finance Bill being passed, he would be compelled, much against his wish, to sell it for building purposes, and almost simultaneously appeared the item of social information that "Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, Bart., J.P., D.L., has taken Kinveachy, Inverness-shire, an estate of some 30,000 acres, belonging to the Dowager Duchess of Seafield, for the shooting," paying a rental of some thousands for a few weeks' tenancy! People were pleased that Sir Spencer had decided to sell some of his superfluous land for building, but there was no necessity to pretend that he was compelled to do so in order to recoup himself for the inroads of the Budget on his income. A younger brother, Mr. George Maryon-Wilson, of Searles, Sussex, has also the family falling. He issued, in the form of a letter to his tenants, a vulgar diatribe against the Budget. Yet he is exceedingly well to do.

* * *

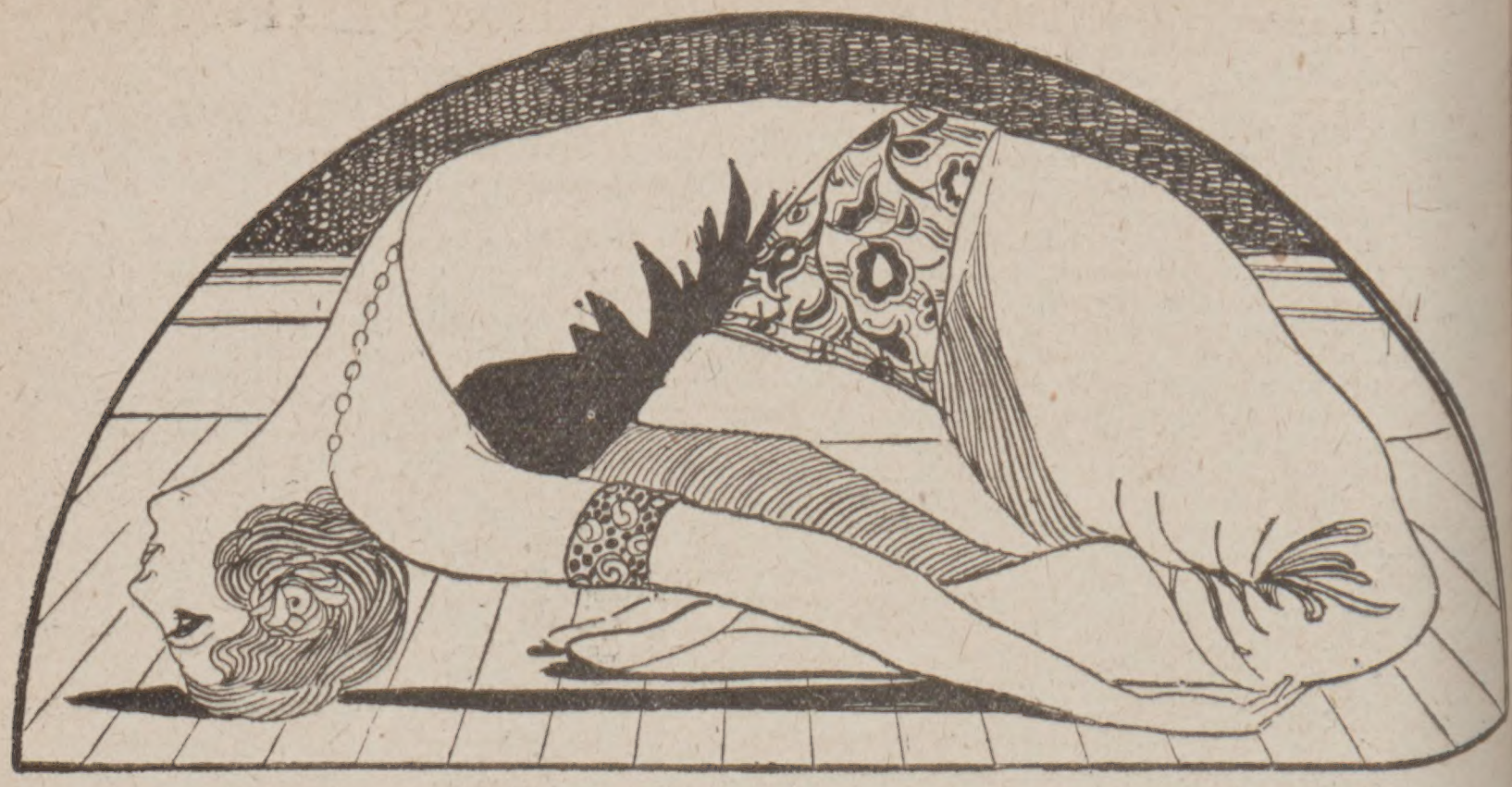
"Sir Baronet" as a Poet."

"Sir Baronet" is also something of a poet. A resident in the neighbourhood of Charlton had a claim against him for a hat, and this Sir Spencer sent an article made of straw in the shape of a fool's cap, with a cock's feather stuck through the top, together with some verses of which these lines may be quoted:—

Another hat, in such thy fix,
I'll gladly give to thee—
A soft one: neither stones nor bricks
Can spoil its symmetry.
And if "Where did you get that hat?"
Irreverent cads propound;
'Twas given you "on the square," that's flat,
So never send it round.

Thus, though a member of the Honourable Order of the Baronetage, with an exaggerated idea of his own importance, Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, Bt., is not above a silly joke and writing rather vulgar lines.

She: "What right have you to speak to me? Are you aware I am a married woman?"
He: "Married! Ah, I thought such a charming creature could not remain single for long."



MEDIA LUNA.

An easy exercise to perform for about five hours before breakfast. Warranted to keep you in good temper for the rest of the day.

The "Engagements" of the Prince of Wales.

Nothing, it may be stated apropos of the alleged engagement of the Prince of Wales to Princess Helena of Greece, has given the King and Queen more annoyance lately than the reports of the impending betrothal of their eldest son. His Royal Highness is, of course, a public personage of high importance, but the unauthorised association of his name with some Continental royalty from time to time is felt by Their Majesties to be an unwarrantable intrusion upon their private family affairs in view of the circumstances. The Prince of Wales will naturally choose a bride in due course, but it should be remembered that he is not yet twenty.

* * *

The Prince in no Hurry.

There is a mistaken notion that His Royal Highness must marry within a year or two, but the succession to the Throne being amply secured there is no pressing need for him to choose a bride. Moreover, the Heir Apparent is young for his age, so, everything considered, it is tolerably certain that all matrimonial projects concerning him may be treated as inventions for at least four years; such being Their Majesties' intentions at present anyway. It seems to be forgotten that the Duke of Clarence died unmarried at twenty-six, and that the King was not married until he was eight and twenty.

* * *

The Army Canteen Prosecutions.

The Army Canteen prosecution has caused much consternation in certain quarters, and many persons are wishing they had had the courage to resist the "presents" which were so generously offered them. There is a fear that now the authorities have at last commenced the task of cleansing the Augean stable they will do so thoroughly, and in this case the effects will be far reaching.

It will be noticed that the defendants belong to one particular lot, but as the song says: "there are others"; and these will no doubt have their turn in good time. The authorities were slow to act, for they have known for ten years what has been going on, but having started they may be trusted to go "the whole hog."

* * *

"The Food of the People."

The Unionist Candidate for Poplar was pleased to be interested in the bloater—"the food of the people"—and a photograph shows him examining in a condescending manner a stick of them, but surely the mildly cured herring is not unknown to Mr. Kerr-Clark? If so, we should advise him to try it; he would find it a real delicacy. But why describe the bloater as "the food of the people." It regularly appears in the lengthy breakfast menu of the rich, and in two very great houses we wot of it not infrequently figures as a savoury served with a salad.

The "Wilton Diptych."

The "Wilton Diptych" which Lord Pembroke is selling certainly one that should be secured by the Nation. The diptych represents "Richard II. and his Patron Saint," dates back to a period long before the discovery of oil painting. Nevertheless, it is of great artistic beauty, and perhaps the most valuable picture in the whole collection of paintings at historic Wilton, where are between three and four hundred masterpieces of various periods.

* * *

Our Long-lived Soldiers.

The death in his eighty-sixth year at Cheltenham of General William Bannerman, a hero of no less than forty battles, still leaves another distinguished veteran of the Sikh and Punjab campaigns, the Sikh wars of 1848-49. General George de Berry, who went into action at the sanguinary battle of Chillianwallah in 1849, as eighth subaltern of the old 24th (now South Wales Borderers), and came out senior. General de Berry is ninety-one in June. When they escape the dangers of battle soldiers seem a long-lived race. If trouble were taken to search lists it would be found we have a wonderful number of veterans who in the eighties and nineties who have fought in campaigns of which it would, at first thought, be said there are no survivors.

Who are the ill-bred sneaks and cowards who have been spitting venom from behind a mask by means of anonymous letters addressed to Mr. J. H. Archer, the coloured man of Battersea? Is not one of the ring-leaders a bible-reading church-going stockbroker, and is he faithfully acting up to the precepts of Christianity?

* * *

What did Mr. Birrell mean when he said "I derive no pleasure whatever from addressing this House or any other assembly"? And was not the feeling mutual?

* * *

Why is the eldest son of a well-known house tramping his way without money through Roumania? Is it true that he showed signs of consumptive disease, and insisted on trying this heroic method of hardy treatment?

* * *

Why were all the naughty words, such as "hang," "blast," "Oh! I say!" cut from the special matinee of "The Rosary," given to the clergy last Thursday afternoon?

* * *

How much has Lady S—— lost at baccarat during the last ten weeks? Has she summoned up sufficient nerve to tell her husband yet? And will there not be something in the way of noisy recriminations, if we judge their character aright, when she learns that he stands almost on the brink of ruin through foolish speculation?

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

There is an interesting sequel to a strange matrimonial case of three or four years ago which seemed greatly to puzzle the learned President of the Divorce Court, as indeed it did those who knew the parties. After a few days of married life the husband without any explanation left his wife. An order for restitution of conjugal rights followed, and this being ignored the wife obtained a divorce. A week or two of wedded life, a suit for restitution of conjugal rights, and then, all within little more than a year, a divorce suit, in which was granted a decree nisi, must be something of a record.

* * *

The deserted bride has now found consolation. She has tried matrimony again, and though the second husband has not much money they live very happily—on the allowance the first husband agreed to give his deserted bride. The latter apparently is not unmindful of this generosity, and in grateful recognition has tacked the first husband's name to her present husband's and given herself a double-barrelled name.

*

It would be thought that the employees of a huge firm of universal providers would know how a peer signs his name, yet an obviously fictitious signature deceived them, and they parted with a 5 guinea coat. A peer's signature is simply his title, of course, thus the Duke of Portland's is plain Portland, and a peer's wife prefixes to her husband's title her Christian name, though some old-fashioned persons prefer the initial only, as was customary. The individual who wanted a coat added initials to a well-known title, and succeeded in his design.

*

An opera-goer indignantly protests against the bad manners at Covent Garden, but is he not aware that rudeness is on the increase? And the worst offenders, it is sad to say, are to be found among the fair sex, who seem, especially good-looking women, to imagine that anything they may do is correct.

* * *

A ghastly story is going the round of the clubs. An engaged couple were mooning—seated on the regulation stile, when the man noticed a little black spot on his companion's palm. She said it was nothing; he, however, persuaded her to show it to the doctor. Directly the latter saw the hand he whisked her off to a specialist. The specialist shook his head. . . The girl is now in a home for lepers. It's a mystery how she contracted the disease.

* * *

Everybody, of course, is sorry when a favourite of the footlights falls on evil days, but why in this case should the charitable public be called upon for assistance when the light of the theatrical, or music-hall stage, has throughout his, or her, career, earned a salary more than sufficient to provide against rainy days? There are too many appeals of the kind, and most of them ought to be scotched in the bud, as was that "benefit," which the friends of a great opera impresario tried to get up a few years ago. There was some plain speaking, and the project was quickly dropped.

* * *

If theatrical people like to squander their money when they earn handsome salaries more than sufficient for a reasonably luxurious mode of living, they must take the consequences of their improvidence. The business man who lives extravagantly and up to his income receives little sympathy when his income fails, and in the event of his death without leaving anything for his dependents the latter are blamed for aiding and abetting the head of the house in his extravagance! Why, therefore, should an exception be made of the theatrical individual who lives, apparently, on the principle of "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof"?

* *

Masters who "sweat" their employees are held up to opprobrium, but people are not aware that the Post Office is as great a "sweater" in its way as any foreign employer in the East End. In a town of five thousand inhabitants there is a busy sub-office, and the postmaster in charge has the handsome annual allowance of £150. Most of the town's business is transacted at the office, yet this is all the authorities grant for upkeep.

* *

Out of this he has to pay rent, rates, taxes, and lighting, which cannot amount to less than £80 a year at a low estimate, and pay two girl clerks of about sixteen. What remains is for his own services! He carries on a business in the post office, but from the nature of it the profit must be little, and this, together with the small amount remaining out of the allowance from his wealthy but niggardly employer, can scarcely be enough by half for him to live upon.

* *

Is it true that the solution of the Dublin Crown Jewels mystery is imminent, and that it will disclose one of the worst cases of blackmail on record?

* * *

How many Scotland Yard officials are "connected" with the half-penny papers?

* * *

Why is it impossible for girls to walk near the river at Richmond without being insulted?

* * *

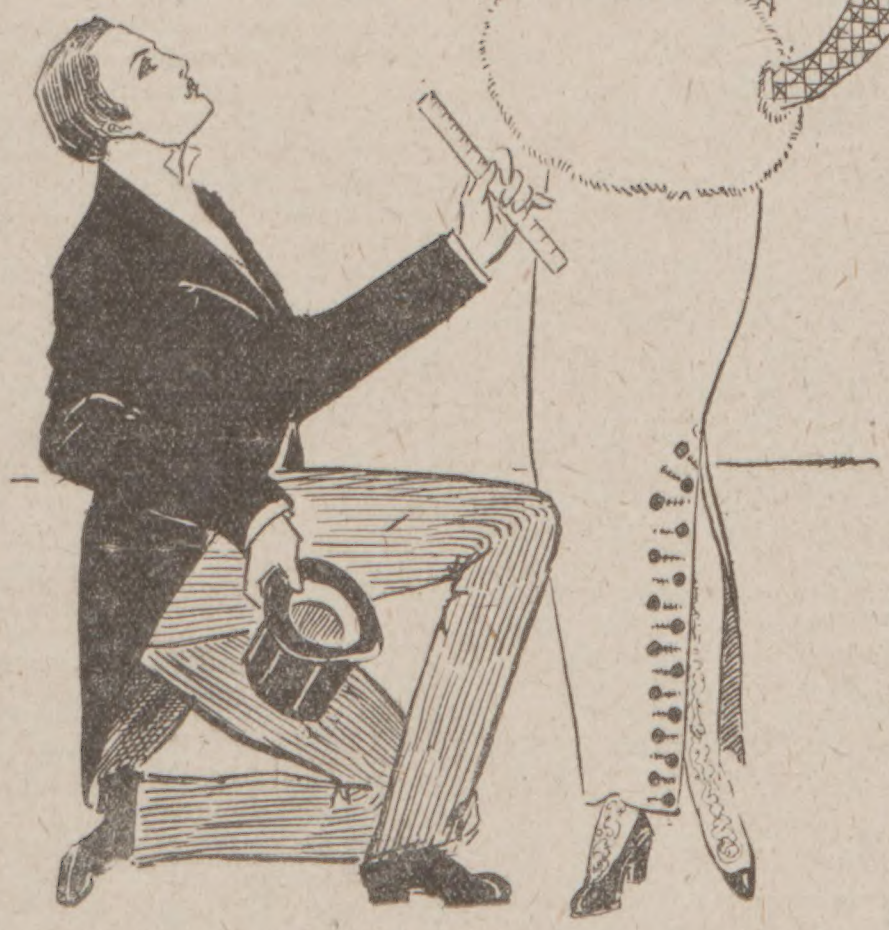
Street betting is largely on the increase. Many of the little courts in the Fleet Street district are the happy hunting grounds of touts willing to take threepence "at three to one."

* * *

Why was the South London priest so affected as he left the confessional? Is there any truth in the local story that he had just listened to a confession of murder?

* * *

Who is the Cabinet Minister who was taken in by the three-card trick man?



IN THE "LAND OF THE FREE."

"I wish to measure your side-slit, Miss. It is not of the regulation length."

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

"SLOPPY."

Long years ago, when luxuriating in the sweet simplicity of romantic (and silly) youth, I read a book called "How to be Happy though Married." I daresay you remember it. It was very sentimental, very sloppy, very succulent, very soothing, and altogether and irretrievably what common people (not cultured people like you and me, reader) would call "damned nonsense." And being of that particular brand of nonsense, and full of those sweet little stories that are so soothing to the minds of high-class young ladies at low-class boarding schools; and being, further, so highly respectable and so soporific regarding the real facts of life that it would make an unborn angel giggle—being these things, I say, it is of course a million to one that it was written by some dear old, respectable, well-meaning, ignorant, and sloppy-minded clergyman. Those were the days of sloppy-minded clergymen. They were paid to be sloppy. The great British public expected them to be sloppy. And they were sloppy, as probably I should be sloppy if you paid me a jolly good salary to be so. Mind you, I am not running down parsons. I have a great and genuine admiration for manly parsons like Charles Kingsley, Monsignor Benson, Bishop Welldon, and Father Bernard Vaughan. But may the Lord preserve us from the type of clergyman that very nearly ruined the Church in the good old days of the good old high-placed Personage who, if it is not sacrilege to say so, stands a very good chance of going down to history as the High Priestess of the Sloppiest Period in English History.

You must pardon my referring to the Church, reader, but if you want to know the truth, I came across a peculiarly sensible and straight-speaking parson at a certain church last Sunday night, and I could not help comparing him with the old type of parson—the type that is, more or less, but not altogether, only more or less—illustrated by the Rev. E. J. Hardy, the author of the book to which I have referred. And my mind has also reverted to this old book, because its author, not content with having once got half the universe into a sloppy matrimonial state with a book that was read all over the world, has just written and published another book on the same sloppy subject, and called by the still sloppier title of "Still Happy Though Married."

Of course, when I accuse the Rev. E. J. Hardy of standing a good chance of going down to posterity alongside of the aforesaid High Priestess of Sloppiness, it must be thoroughly understood that I judge him by the book or books by which he is known to fame. That's the only way I have of judging him, or any other public character; and just as some of the fiercest and apparently most desperate public men (like Carson and Lloyd George, for instance) are well known to be delightful and quite peaceful people in private life, so may the Rev. E. J. Hardy, though sloppy in his books, be saintly and heroic when he gets away from his professional platform; which platform appears to be the traditional fireside of the traditional Englishman, with the traditional old lady and the traditional fifteen children and the traditional one hundred and fifty grandchildren resting peacefully in front of and around him as he wields his sloppy yet fruitful pen.

Of course, as I am about to worry you with a few reflections on the subject of matrimony, you have naturally a perfect right to ask me what authority I have for pretending to know anything about it. In reply to your supposed question, I beg to state, with what my married readers may call haughty presumption, that I have the very best authority in that I am a confirmed bachelor. I need not, of course, in these intellectual days, go into that. The looker-on sees most of the game. William Archer admits that he cannot write a play to save his life; yet he has written the finest book ever written on "How to Write Plays." Sainte-Beuvre and Matthew Arnold were wonderful examples of "how to tell people how to do things that you can't do yourself." And has not the bachelor Bishop of London recently told us that, although he is not married and has no intention of becoming so, he is perfectly competent to tell the other fellow and the other girl all about it? And, if in an egotistical age I may again be allowed to refer to my extremely modest self, did not I, Jonathan Grub Strete, prophesy in my last little leader exactly what was going to happen (and is happening) on the Home Rule question, although I am not a Prime Minister or a Cabinet Minister or a Member of Parliament, or anything but a wretched slinger of penny-a-bottle ink for altruistic (and dinneristic) purposes?

I remember purchasing the first book of the Rev. Hardy some twenty-five years ago. A sweetly young thing who represented to me, in her crushed-strawberry costume and glistening romances of Byron and Shelley and all the great ones rolled into one, had spurned my advances, and, without telling me anything about become engaged to a worthy shopkeeper with five a year. This, of course, was an exceedingly sensible for her to do, although perhaps I didn't at the time in exactly that light. However, in an heroic burst of noble generosity and self-sacrifice I purchased her as a wedding present a copy of "How to be though Married," and sent it to her. On the fly-leaf in a spirit of poetically noble romanticism) I wrote of Tennyson—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

I didn't quite know what Tennyson meant, but I that it sounded a bit beautiful, and I supposed that be all right, or otherwise a great man like Tennyson have said it. And I discovered in a few years' Tennyson was perfectly correct in his prognosis. My dear young angel died of drink, and I have chances "for better or worse" from that day to this great poet (unlike most great poets) had given me perhaps he didn't mean it in my way) a very practical of advice. It was infinitely better for me to have and lost." For if things had not been as they were not have had twenty-five years of bachelordom and to criticize with callous brutality (and therefore newest thing in marriage books—"Still Happy Married."

The author of this wonderfully sloppy book (and the more, and not less, sloppy because it pretends sentimentally funny) says that the path of marriage delightful one and neither a nightmare nor a lottery is what I call sloppy philosophy. Why? For the reason that it contradicts the facts of life, and contradicts the ideas and conclusions of the greatest thinkers and sophers of all time. I'll tell you what the Rev. Hardy means. He means that in a few cases romantic idealism reached perhaps its zenith (in the for instance, of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Kingsley and his wife), marriage was an ideally perfect beautiful state of existence. Then why doesn't be we may well ask. The answer is obvious. If he so, he would not have found ten or twenty thousand people to buy a book that they fully expected to be and would have been highly indignant about it if it been sloppy. Is it a proper conception of duty for a man to tell the world that because he perhaps has the ideally happy state, it is a state that is possible majority of humanity? No, it is not. And when a man, or anyone else, tells you that, he tells you sloppy. Please don't misunderstand me. There is nothing sloppy about marriage looked at in the proper light matter-of-fact, unromantic sort of business, originally inaugurated for business purposes—the business of the production of life, which is a much more important ness than selling pins or bits of tape, or pounds of largely consisting of sand, or pounds of cocoa largely of useless shell. Yet, strange to say, while we prosecute and fine or imprison the commercial gentry who go in for the latter little escapades, we laud to the a respectable clergyman who sells to the public nothing nor less than matrimony under false pretences.

Here are a few sloppy quotations from this sloppy and all I can say about them is that if they are intended be funny they have egregiously failed to be anything what the poet called "damned silly"; and if they intended to be serious, then they must have been written a poor old man in the dotage stage of matrimonial

"It is very rash to marry anyone in whose face commandments are conspicuous by their absence.

"If your wife has a slight headache, give her pairs of gloves; if it grows worse, a new gown; in cases a new hat will give instant relief."

And so the author goes on drivelling, until, for a stroke combined with the loss of teeth, arms, and something equally silly) he recommends the presentation motor-car.

Here are some more examples of deep thought:—

"Choosing a husband is like choosing mushrooms turns out to be a toadstool the results are unpleasant sometimes fatal."

is important to observe the girl's manner of eating; does not appear interested in the operation, how can expected to look after a husband's dinner?"

distinguished author of this distinguished and sloppy winds up by suggesting that girls should be trained ans of a matrimonial University degree: F.T.B.W. is the degree, and it means "fit to be wedded." And you come to think of it, that isn't by any means the part of the book, at any rate in the eyes of a confirmed or who believes in "Punch's" advice to those about rry—"Don't"—unless, of course, you happen to come a sweet little girl like the one in Lyons's Piccadilly op. She is the *one* exception that proves the rule. It does me good to look at that girl. She's anything but ; so I'll just pop round and see her if you'll excuse r a moment.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

OURSELVES AND THER PEOPLE.

you have much trouble with your car?"
ouble? I couldn't have more if I was married to the thing."

* * *

NOT YET.

you propose to marry?" asked Miss Flitters of young ainbridge.
ell, I haven't proposed yet," replied he, in a tone forbade further inquiries.

* * *

SHE WAS A VETERAN TOO.

Old Major, who was fond of relating stories of the after the Christmas dinner was over mentioned having in five engagements.
hat's not so much," said little Edgar, suddenly.
hy, Edgar!" cried his scandalized mother; "what do ean?"
ve isn't many," persisted Edgar; "sister Edna has engaged nine times."

* * *

PEACE AT ANY PRICE.

hat's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, call- uddenly upon Willie.
ound."
ow do you know it's round?"
ll right," said Willie, "it's square, then. I don't to start any argument about it".

THE PARVENU.

e Judge: "By common law you are liable to a punishment of——"
used: "If you please, your honour, I implore you to judge me by noble law, not common law. I don't mind the expense."—"Fidele Blaetter."

AT THE MARINE PAINTER'S.

"How is it you never paint your storms in oil colours?"
"Why, don't you know that oil calms a raging sea?"—"Le Sourire."

"Mother, was I made of dust?"
"Yes, my son."
"How is it, then, that my birthday comes in January? There ain't no dust in January."

* * *

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

Harold: She said she would be willing to go to the ends of the world with me.

Jerrold: Oh, any girl would! But how about settling down in a flat in Brixton?

* * *

As a mere man he was a trifle embarrassed when he dropped into the chemist's with a prescription for a hair tonic.

"You do more in this kind of thing for ladies, I suppose," he said to the chemist.

"Oh, no; far more for men. You see the men buy hair restorers. Now the ladies buy hair."—*Manchester Guardian.*

* * *

FAITH.

"What is the best song that Miss Smythe sings?"
"There are several that I have not heard, aren't there?"
"Yes."
"Then it must be one of them."—*Ohio Sun-Dial.*

* * *

HOW UNHAPPY HE WAS.

Silicus: What's the matter, old man? You look unhappy.

Cynicus: I am. I'm almost as unhappy as a woman with a secret that nobody wants to know.—*Philadelphia Record.*

* * *

Visitor: How does the land lie out this way?

Native: It ain't the land—it's the land-agents.—*Philadelphia Record.*

* * *

THE PROPER THING.

It was at the beginning of their wedding trip.

"Dear," she inquired anxiously, "in the excitement of leaving did you say good-bye to papa and mamma?"

"No," he replied; "I said 'au revoir.'"—*Puck.*

* * *

If Eve came back to the world to-day,
After being away this many a year,
She'd probably turn to Adam and say:
"The styles haven't changed very much, my dear."

—*City A.C. Journal.*

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Which is the "haunted" house in the Wimbledon district, and why does the owner keep so silent about the "apparitions" which both he, his family and the dogs have seen?

* * *

What is the subject of the film that has been voted too artistic for the general public by those who know? And is it merely a novel form of advertisement?

* * *

We hear that there is a big sale on the tube bookstalls for Christabel Pankhurst's indecent book. But where did she get *her* information from?

* * *

It is always interesting to hear of great men's recreations. Lord Justice Cherry, the new Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in the place of Lord O'Brien, has a rather unusual hobby, campanology, in other words, bellringing, and he can pull a rope with the most experienced campanologist. Lord Chief Justice Cherry has rung with power in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and as a boy he rang in the Cathedral of his native city—Waterford.

* * *

There is nothing in the world so selfish as a woman in love—except a man.

* * *

The great idea of the "secret" marriage so popular at the present time seems to be to give it as much publicity as possible?

* *

It is the people who make the most clatter who have the most to hide. Has anyone seen Mrs. Grundy's marriage lines?

* *

Is it not true that Lord Rosebery, in denying the rumour that he was negotiating for the sale of his Buckingham estate, Mentmore, meant more than he actually said about it?

* *

Was not the atmosphere somewhat strained at a society function last week when the hostess recognised one of the ladies in a friend's party as a woman who had nearly wrecked her life a year or two back? And was it not rather bad taste of the woman to appear at that house at all?

* * *

A Chelsea model turned up at a studio the other evening in one black tight and with a strange design in birds painted on the other leg. We do not know if she paid the artist who executed this little picture, but she will probably "get the bird" free, gratis, and for nothing if she turns up at many functions in this costume.

* * *

Who is the "sport" who has wagered to motor from London to Bombay, travelling only across the English Channel by sea?

* * *

Is the general split in the Pankhurst family likely to prove once again that "a house divided against itself cannot stand"?

* * *

A certain lady has announced her intention of retiring to the backwoods for two months, and will take no food or clothing with her. If this playful little holiday becomes popular, we shall very soon be back among the trees cracking nuts, and sitting with our tails round each other's necks.

"Smith and Jones are close friends, aren't they?"
"Yes, so close that neither can borrow a halfpenny from the other."

Why was the society lady so highly amused the other while at her town house for the week-end, when a well-known photographer rang up and asked to be allowed to photograph her?

* * *

Is it true that considerable friction between a certain and a syndicate has caused Queen Mary quite a lot of annoyance?

* * *

What is behind the rumour that an amalgamation between the Empire and the Alhambra has been contemplated?

* * *

Is it not very likely that M. Paquin's mannequins will run the ladies of the Gaiety very close in their race for titles?

* * *

And are not a great many chorus beauties glad to see Seymour Hicks back again in London?

* * *

Is there any truth in the rumour that the R.Y.S. will shortly leave the Castle and the Cowes week will be nothing but a glorious memory?

*

To sin is bad, but to be found out is criminal.

*

Who is responsible for the remark that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Savoy would be more appropriately termed "A summer Night-mare"?

*

Whether the French doctor who claims to have discovered that an operation for appendicitis is quite superfluous is very popular among his profession?

*

"Thin Ice" is the name of a new novel. It sounds as if it deals with a dangerous subject.

*

A pessimist is a man who loses his collar-stud in the imagination over night.

*

Who was the American gentleman in whose pocket a waiter at a London restaurant found a silver cream jug when brushing his overcoat? And was the manager satisfied with the gentleman's explanation that he was a souvenir hunter? Did it prove an expensive souvenir? And will he not choose other hunting grounds in future?

* * *

A daily, commenting upon various costumes worn at a certain function, states that Lady ——— appeared in a "coat of gold brocade with touches of pale blue." We hear that skirts are supposed to be worn shorter than ever—only a coat—really!

* * *

If the Prince of Wales gets "engaged" much more he will certainly have to start a harem.

* * *

Is it really true that the motion of the state coach closely resembles the rolling of a ship that Queen Mary, who is by no means a good sailor, never rides in it without feeling sea-sick?

* * *

Is it true that the reason why a well-known short story writer's efforts have deteriorated so just lately is that his wife has been writing them all under his name?

* * *

The ideal place for honeymoon couples, the Scilly Isles; for flirts, the Isle of Man; for spinsters, the Isle of Lingsey; for bachelors, Holy Isle; for mothers-in-law, Ire-land; for married couples, Wails

IN STAGELAND.

You will observe that not even Miss Marie Tempest's ... charm is proof against a bad play. "Thank ... Ladyship" is permanently dead after a few nights' ... struggle with its own congenital weakness. You see, ... excellent audiences that Miss Tempest attracts ... are not the kind that could appreciate a long-drawn-out ... the part of an aristocratic dame to an *affaire* with her footman. It is on these occasions that the absence of that French temperamental element ... lingers the quick exchange of the unembarrassed ... between the sexes becomes most acutely ... themselves. An understanding and very insular ... out of hoar-frost from gallery to stalls—is the ... treatment of plays with such a *motif* unless they ... by almost an excess of sunny Parisian wit. ... tion was certainly not forthcoming in "Thank ... ship," leaving the threatened *liaison* the main ... the result that quite a small fortune has been ... nificent staging to no effect. Miss Tempest ... flowers by request!" I admire her pluck.

* *

... a large notice immediately inside the stage ... of the world's most magnificent variety halls, ... jar and annoy nine in every ten persons, with ... exception of the stage hands, who pass through ... The notice, with laconic vulgarity, reads pre... ... ws:—"Spitting is filthy—DON'T!" Among ... who have been thus unnecessarily admonished, ... rah Bernhardt, Miss Ellaline Terriss, and Mr. ... Hicks, Misses Florence Smithson, Margaret ... the Hudsons. I will with pleasure put a ... ase up for the first letter opened containing the ... hall. P.O. for 10s. 6d. to be enclosed—Editor's ... c.!

* * *

... at a matinee held at the London Pavilion ... syndicate known as the West End Produc... As I sat patiently through the six one-act ... a spring afternoon, I concluded that this syndi... for a consideration put into rehearsal and produce ... casions any play which has the necessary £— ... the author's aspirations. This is mere surmise: ... ake evens about it!

* * *

I did so regret leaving the brilliant sun outside, as, until ... struck "The Clock," by Leon Pollock and Vincent Lau... ... there was nothing except "Jenny of St. Giles" to ... in the slightest. "The Clock," however, immediately occupied a plane of decent dramatic achievement. If it were well produced and a clearer indication afforded as to how the youngster-about-town contrived to get out of the apache den after he had shot his intended murderer inside the clock, the play should bring a little balm to our revue-tormented variety souls. The reason for "The Clock's" ability to stand away from the crowd may be due, I should say, almost entirely to the fact that Mr. Pollock, who is, I believe, Mr. de Courville's private secretary, has daily opportunities of training himself into first-class theatrical methods.

"LEE GEORGE WOOD (Coliseum).

* * *

Observing that the March number of "Woman at Home" ... dealing with stage children (a theme that fascinates me), I invested sixpence and broke new ground. Miss Mary O. Kennedy, in an excellent and most acceptable, but slightly misinformed article, assures us that, during the interval which in most cases occurs after the waning of the infant star and the dawning of the youthful premiere or ingenue, it is hard lines "to pass from comparative luxury into the scraping and pinching which is the ordinary condition of the household from which the theatrical youngster comes."

* * *

This can be by no means generally conceded—at least among the ranks of the young artistes whose names count for something among the principal audiences. The exceptions to this rule are, however, moderately plentiful. I was immensely amused to learn, also, that brilliant little Cora Goffin, who first caused me to "sit up and take notice" of child-art generally, is the daughter of Mr. Hayden Coffin. I hope Hayden will buck up and make some more thousands with the patent toothpaste he has discovered, as he has apparently adopted Cora since last I heard from Mr. Bernhardt's happy crowd. I'll just drop Mr. and Mrs. Goffin a postcard to tell them the glad news.

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN "THE ELEVENTH HOUR."

* *

Looked in at the Ambassador's on Saturday to see how Princess Bariatinsky was progressing with "Anna Karenina." All is well, thanks!—a full house and appreciative in spite of the striking fact that the first three acts merely form an elaborate excuse, for the most part, for the splendid tragedy of the last act. Madame Yavorska (Princess B.) as "Anna is magnificent in the true Bernhardt manner, and Arthur Scott Craven contrives successfully, as a frivolously light-headed Russian Prince, to be as happily ridiculous as he looked at the last theatrical garden party, when he was perspiringly lugging Pavlova round the heat-stricken grounds of Chelsea Hospital in an indescribable sort of rickshaw. When His Excellency Mr. Karenina, the tragic Anna's outraged husband, made a magnificent stately entrance—side-whiskers, evening dress, orders, and a lump of white cotton lamp-waste festooned daintily across his immaculate nether garments—it was unwise of Craven to try to snatch it off surreptitiously, it only increased the audience's mild mirth into an uncontrollable explosion of wild keen enjoyment during a semi-tragic situation. Mr. Herbert Bunston is to be heartily congratulated upon a masterful exhibition of perfect *sangfroid* under trying circumstances. Craven was beaten and could not shake himself clear of the low comedy of the situation for quite a few minutes—but, of course, *he* wasn't wearing the lamp-waste! This was merely a happy, unrehearsed interlude, and detracted not at all from Madame Yavorska's enthralling tragedy. But Tolstoi does not dramatise well.

* * *

I congratulate Madame (or Her Highness) upon the fact that some years ago she deserted her ambitions at the St. Petersburg Literary Theatre on account of her refusal to act in an Anti-Semitic play. The British nation, on the whole, can afford to thank her for that.

W. R. C. R.

TABLOID TOPICS.

The ideal husband—a keyless time-keeper.

* * *

"How cutting!" as the monkey said as he sat on the circular saw.

* * *

Mr. Thomas Hardy's "The Amazing Marriage" has run into another edition.

* * *

Mr. A. C. Maclaren says that we shouldn't play golf. Well, it isn't exactly "cricket."

* * *

A ball-dress worn in Bermuda recently was covered with 30,000 postage-stamps. By gum!

* * *

The lawyers of Milan have decided to go on strike. Now what will the poor Milanese do with their money?

* * *

The latest fashion for women is said to be trousers. But women have long been filling the breaches left by men.

* * *

M. Vedrines has sent a challenge to M. Quinton. As both belong to aviation circles, the weapons would appropriately be air-guns.

* * *

A nigger minstrel who was charged at Bow Street recently was said to have appeared before the magistrate on a previous occasion dressed as an oyster. A native!

* * *

Mr. Silas Hocking wishes to know if a "toshy" book which is read by many is not better than a good book which is read by nobody. Sweet are the uses of advertisement.

* * *

The ballot for Members' Bills shows Sir Luke *White* and Mr H. *Hope* among the seven lucky drawers. We hope that their "Bills" won't be knocked out in the first round.

* * *

When a man named Murphy was taken to a hospital in Toronto the other day it was found that a dessert spoon was lodged in his stomach. It speaks well for his cook, anyway.

* * *

All the lights went out in the middle of the service at a Bridgewater church recently. Not the first time that a congregation have been in the dark as to what the preacher is saying.

* * *

Mr. Justice Eve said lately, "Old masters—Velasquez and so on—what are they? I would turn them into cash if they were mine." It is a trite saying that Eve has always been mercenary.

* * *

The Mappin terraces at the Zoo have been covered with oatmeal porridge to act as a bed for moss and lichen seeds. These terraces are quite young. Merely a question of sowing their wild oats, we suppose.

* * *

A husband was charged with assault on a man who, he said, had made eyes at his wife. We don't see what the plaintiff has to grumble about. He made glad eyes, and the husband made black ones. That's all.

* * *

"Mr. Justice Darling had to rise at 11 a.m. on Saturday because he had no more King's Bench cases to go on with." —*Daily Mail.* That's a very good excuse, My Lord, but you must have gone to bed late on Friday.

* * *

"There are two periods in a man's life when he doesn't understand a woman—before he marries her and after he marries her," says *Lloyds.* He understands her right enough, though, when she says "You may"!

* * *

The Olympic Wonder Zoo are advertising their animals, and the monkeys Caterina, Max and Moritz, as "The Bernhardts, Trees and Lauders of the Brute Creation." We anxiously look forward to a triple libel action instituted by the Divine Sarah, Sir Herbert and Moritz.

* * *

Only those with sound teeth will be accepted, says a War Office notice calling upon British non-commissioned officers to volunteer for service in West Africa. As there are, doubtless, lots of officers with sound teeth, there is no need for the examiners to look "down in the mouth."

We read that geysers have been spouting in a [illegible]. We wish ours was as particular.

* * *

Most people find it easier just to read the Ten Commandments than to readjust their lives.

* * *

"Dash to the Polls" is an *Evening Standard* headline. Shame! to steal a march on Shackleton.

* * *

Mr. Sickert: "Philistines are one of Art's bulwarks." We know who Phyllis Tines is, but Phyllis Dare [illegible].

* * *

We hear that the vogue at present is for old glass. The supply ought to exceed the demand as long as there are suffragettes.

* * *

Evening Standard headline: "The Standard's support of change of style." True; ours nearly left fire the other day.

* * *

"Rent by gas explosion" is the heading to an item of news. This is not so satisfactory to the landlord as rent by cash or cheque.

* * *

Miss Grattan, a Colonel's daughter, marries a married lieutenant. Principal toast at the wedding breakfast "United Services."

* * *

We read that "the journalist must be in earnest, he must see visions." Those of the Bodega and Short's are in advance of this fashion.

* * *

"Would women succeed in business on their own?" asks a man who has a contempt for the female's commercial acumen. He evidently can't mind his own business.

* * *

Mr. Charles Garvice says that people like garvice because they like to be extremely dirty. We should like to remind the gentleman that his books are very popular.

* * *

We read that the little church of St. Augustine-with-Faith-the-Virgin-under-St.-Paul's is in the receiver's hands. It must have been trying to pronounce its name.

* * *

A daily informs us that a daring Russian Nihilist is making a living in a prosaic City office. In the event of his in duty he will probably meet with a good blowing up, not the "bullet."

* * *

A contemporary admonishes its female readers against monotony in rhubarb dishes, and suggests a rhubarb hedgehog. Ugh! Is there not naturally enough harsh and spiky spherical hedgehog?

* * *

Gilbert Colona, actor, sometime Mr. G[illegible] understudy, is off, sulk in length. His form is [illegible] comedy. As an actor of breadth he is [illegible]. Considering his perpendicular dimensions [illegible] he *over*studied G. T.

* * *

Miss Dorothy Kerin, styled and intituled "The Mayfair Girl," threatens to write a book detailing the many [illegible] which she has cognisance. It will probably be dedicated to Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Many of her wonderful revelations have been associated with music. Strike the lyre!

* * *

The co-operative farm at Heathfield is devoted to raising a huge crop of women agriculturists. There is nothing like a surprise in learning that the students are [illegible] always want the earth, to say nothing of everything above and below it. However, when it comes to [illegible] the land they must leave the decrees of Dame Nature out of it.

* * *

Because a man used his fist in knocking a man's eye right out, Mr. Justice Channell let him off with a comparatively light sentence of six months' hard. The eye was right out and was not left in—a knockular feature of the prisoner's prowess. Channell should be presented with a pair of boxing gloves—no kid.

OVER THE SLEEPERS.

...nomaly. Sir Stuart Samuel has been called ... curtain three times, yet on the third occasion he ...ird.

* * *

...of the gol... opportunities offered you will not ...

* * *

...rs of "invisible" grouse have arrived at the Zoo. ...ue they have come to take the place of those Lloyd ...heasants which so unexpectedly became visible a ...s ago.

* * *

...man who makes a fuss is upsetting, but a wise ...hes the woman who says nothing—she is dangerous.

* * *

...watchman, indicted at Glasgow for coining, ... he manufactured the coins because time hung ...s hands. So they gave him twelve months, on ... *similibus curantur* principle.

* * *

...nt watches of the night—those we forget to wind.

A woman often marries a man either to get rid of him or to spite another woman.

* * *

The "*white* spats" of the Hon. Charles Mills, says the *Daily Sketch*, "give a welcome touch of *colour* to the lobby" of the House of Commons. But why doesn't he try to keep them white and thus save himself from ridicule?

* * *

The first time a girl is engaged she is afraid that other men will try to flirt with her; but the second time she's afraid they won't.

* * *

Mlle. Polaire is presenting a new dance described as the "Guillotine dance." Probably only one of the old dances that has been cut short.

* * *

Many a man punctures his tire on the road to wealth.

* * *

A lady named Madame Myszgmeiner is singing at the Albert Hall this Sunday. Our tame punster says it is a misdemeanour to put such a name on the programme.

MORE OR LESS.

Spring Jacks and Jills.

There is a touch of Spring in the air that makes me feel a kindly sentiment towards the lovers I see springing up everywhere around me like crocuses from the grass. The flower-sellers' baskets hold only snowdrops and violets yet for their wares, it's true, but already I see roses blooming in many a girl's face. What is there about Spring, I wonder, that makes people fall in love. Is it a slack time of the year for work, or what? for love is a business all to itself, let me tell you, and will not stand a divided allegiance. You can't reckon up your employer's figures properly if they get muddled with somebody else's kisses. So either all the spring lovers are out of a job and merely killing time, or else they are wasting the time they are paid to devote solely to the affairs of Somebody and Co. Why doesn't some ingenious M.P. invent a close time for lovers and get it passed into law? Then those of us who prefer to keep on nodding terms only with the tender passion wouldn't be annoyed by the sight of couples in the first stages of incipient love holding hands all over the place. As I said before, personally I only feel a kindly sentiment towards those Jacks so openly claiming their Jills. The years of love are so few, the years of life so many, that the more romance we can cram into the few years for remembrance in the many, the better. But we should always keep before us the fact that love is all right in its proper place, but it doesn't do to let it encroach too much. In other words, love is all right as a little boy, but it should never be allowed to grow up into a man.

* * *

Speeding up and Tosti's Summer.

It is proposed, I hear, to show kinema films in the waiting rooms at the principal stations of the French State Railways. I am not surprised to hear this. Judging from what I have seen of the State Railways I should think a little amusement might well be thrown in with the ticket to compensate for the uncertainty of the trains. We poke fun at the Great Eastern line, but really it is perfection when compared to the French methods. I remember once at Dieppe waiting over two hours for a belated Paris train, and nobody—not even the station-master—seemed to have the slightest idea when it would arrive. I was beginning to wonder if a woman could turn into a Rip Van Winkle and grow a white beard, when at long last the train panted in—without the friend I had come to meet. Of course, strictly speaking, I couldn't hold the State railway responsible for this. Still, there is no doubt that it does want speeding up. Why don't they ask Lord Claude Hamilton to join the Board and let him appoint an American manager?

* * *

A Cash Good-Bye.

Speaking for myself I hold no brief for American methods of business. I remember the very first Editor I ever worked for was an American. I never got paid. Neither did anybody else. And when things began to hum he went back to America. I received a letter from him there in which he spoke regretfully of the happy times he had spent in England, and for some obscure reason quoted a line from Tosti's hackneyed song, "Good-bye, Summer, Good-bye." I thought it was a case of "Good-bye, Money, Good-bye," and would have written to point this out to him, only, by some strange mischance, he had forgotten to enclose his address. There are still a good many people wanting it, by the way.

* * *

The Red Hat.

I love old things, don't you? old lace, old furniture, old china—not old loves, they are best forgotten—old friends and wine—these two are desirable, especially when they come to the fruity stage. There is a romance about old things that clings to them as steadfastly as the dust they acquire in the dealers' show-rooms. I rarely read through a catalogue of some big sale without discovering a name that one seems to hear beat like a heart under the hand. For instance, yesterday I read of Wagner. So Wagner's hat, by the time these lines are in print, will have passed under the hammer. I wonder who will have acquired this intimate relic of the great man. And what will he do with it, anyway? I know what I should. Just as a Cardinal's hat hangs above his stall in a Catholic Church—you can see one any day at the Westminster Cathedral—hang[?] a big red spider from the dusky roof—why not Wagner's from the roof at Covent Garden, or better send it to Bayreuth and let it dangle contentedly over the stage where Parsifal and Lohengrin and the [?] maidens have come to life many a time as the magic stirred their pulses as they slept in their music box the little Continental town.

* * *

Love and £ s. d.

I told you the days of romance were over. "Meli[?] Melisande, let down your hair," sang Pelleas beneath love's window, and was suitably rewarded by being allowed to climb to his desire on a ladder made from the lady's veniently long tresses. Not so in modern days. For w and secretly sending a love-letter a would-be lover workhouse recently got one day's stone-breaking for receiving it poor modern Melisande got one day's and water. You mustn't love in a workhouse it s unless you are over fifty. Still it is not only a Boa Guardians who reduce love to a matter of pounds, shi and pence. Not only ladies with morals as Parisian as jewels have been known to flourish on this method blameless suburban wives who value their husband tions according to the amount of house-keeping money bring home. You see, the trouble is, however much love you can't live upon it. And if you land in the house they won't let you love. So there you are. Take advice and *Punch's* don't.

LOUISE HEILG

Occupations for the fair sex (as suggested by m feminine encroachments).

No. 2.—THE STREET CLEANER.

WIDOW WHITTERBY'S WEDDING DRESS.

Joshua Ezreel Whitterby, oil-emperor, came into his enormous wealth by way of an earthquake. The South American [illegible] once owned fell victim to a severe seismic [illegible] his oxen and his horses and his asses were [illegible] unmeasurable, but there was considerable compensation. A river of oil rose and fell and flowed with perennial [illegible]cy. There had been no need to dig and bore [illegible]p. Nature had done all that sort of work with [illegible] she occasionally displays. Joshua Ezreel [illegible] earthquake and dammed the river.

[illegible] His Imperial Oilship was translated to another [illegible] widow, Julia, was one of the richest women in [illegible] for to her had been bequeathed the whole of his [illegible]thout reservation. Ezreel's real and personality [illegible] personality was not on the lean side. She [illegible] and forty," buxom, but not beautiful, although [illegible] thought otherwise.

[illegible] many wooers who would have sonneted her [illegible] there had been a rhyming dictionary handy, [illegible]stoney, heir to the marquisate of Barelandbury, [illegible] many mortgages. His lordship was hailed as [illegible] physician who was to exterminate the disease of [illegible]osis with which the family was sore afflicted. He [illegible]ed the question" (rude persons remarking that [illegible] little else to pop), and Widow Whitterby had coyly [illegible] to become his in three months' time.

[illegible]as that she sat in her boudoir gazing with an [illegible]on in her round pale blue eyes at a letter [illegible] in her hand.

[illegible]ing was to cost no end of money, said the gossip. [illegible] favourite phrase of the late unlamented [illegible] Ezreel, it was to "knock spots off" anything of the [illegible] attempted. The most expensive and extortionate [illegible]ers were engaged, and of these were Madame Rosaline et Cie, Court costumiers of London and Paris, whose [illegible]rges were not of the light brigade order. To this firm [illegible] the preparation of the bride's robes, and it [illegible]rom Rosaline et Cie that had placed before [illegible]Julia's mental vision the picture of a Paradise in [illegible]e was paramount peri.

[illegible]lines of the note danced to the strains of Mendelssohn's [illegible]ding March. They told her that Monsieur [illegible] de Suave, the chief artist in the house of Rosaline [illegible]would have the honour, the pleasure, and the privilege [illegible] of presenting himself to her, to advise and to receive [illegible]. M. de Suave was selected because he could [illegible] English perfect."

[illegible]oon, the hour named for his arrival, and [illegible] of the hall clock still lingered on the air [illegible] admitted him.

[illegible] was built on the most approved "lady-killer" [illegible] silky moustache was darlingly disposed, and [illegible]d declined to its point with the accuracy of a [illegible]riangle. His black eyes fitted his face as har[illegible] his sartorial equipment fitted the corseted [illegible]. As an *enjoleur* he was unrivalled.

[illegible] having handed him on to the pillar of [illegible] who transferred him to the post of Chawles, the [illegible]an was permitted to air his "the most English per[illegible]." He bowed low, and then receded a few paces, his [illegible]ere fixed on the widow. There was rapture, rapture every[illegible]—it shot from his eyes, from his little white teeth, [illegible]om his prettily formed hands, as he held them up in ad[illegible]iration.

"Ah, but I am glad, Madame, that I have the felicity of [illegible]ving your instructions. I alone can do justice to your [illegible]ite beauty. We are not of the costumiers common. We [illegible]e artists, we are poets. Of the nuances we comprehend. [illegible]ou have a [illegible]ord, Madame, 'What is one man's meat is [illegible]other man's fish.' Is it not? Well, it is so with les [illegible]es. We cannot pretend to what you call paint the lily [illegible]make the refined gold gilty. The most we can do is not [illegible]detract from the angel form and face. Madame, you are [illegible]e centre, the bull's eye of my art. I will do."

The future Marchioness was filled with mingled amazement and pleasure. How discerning, how handsome was [illegible]e who had been so impressed; how delicately he combined [illegible]cognition of her charms with the awakening of the artist's [illegible] within him! How inexpressibly sweet and mellow his tones! Ah, if only——, she heaved a sigholet, and thought of her fiancé's hard, lofty speech. But she craved a title. She would be "My Lady," though it rent her heart in twain. Had not Joshua said, "If you want to marry again, Julia, marry a title. You'll have enough dollars to buy a dozen of 'em.'

M. Adolphe de Suave went on, seizing the soft sigh as the peg on which to hang his *Family Herald* phrases.

"Ah, Madame, but you have no cause for sighing. Say not that you have. For me, *hélas*! it is a great difference. Sorrow is a sea up to my neck."

"Why? How?" asked the widow with sympathetic eagerness.

"Because, madame, I am beneath the cloud. I am no[illegible] what I really am to look like. In me you see the Vicomte Bourntraille, last of my race. Pardon me!" He turned and walked to and fro, his hands clenched, his eyes tracing the pattern of the carpet.

Having regained his composure, he would have said no more, had it not been for the widow. Her curiosity was piqued, and she requested him to finish off the story then and there. And she prevailed.

The Prussian invaders had sent Bourntraille Castle to "smithereens"; they had consumed the Bourntraille flocks and herds; they had devastated the Bourntraille demesne. And then, as crowning catastrophe, the dread Phylloxera had destroyed the Bourntraille grapes which had escaped Teutonic attention. The widow was in doubt as to the identity of Philip Oxera, but it was a sad story, a tale of an unexpected "come-down," as Adolphe had it. He would not detain Madame longer. He would sketch the bridal costume as it should be constructed (he could not hope to picture Madame's exquisite countenance—where was the portraitist who was capable?), and would despatch it to her. Perhaps, however, he himself——

"Oh, yes, Vicomte, please! Bring it to me. Have no thought of expense."

Thus the widow. And thus the matter stood when Adolphe pressed his silky moustache on the chubby hand extended to him.

On his journey Londonwards the rumble and rattle of the train was sweet music in his ears.

A month passed, during which people began to wonder, and Veristoney to use strong language at the many visits of the costumier the bridal raiment demanded.

Was she fat and false? he asked himself. He was anxious, and would have been more so had he known that the woman who was pledged to disencumber the Barelandbury estates had already made over to Adolphe the means to restore the Bourntraille plot. For some time "the last of the race" had refused her offer; her liberality and goodness were magnificent, but—he wiped away an "ancien regime" tear as he hinted that he could accept the gift only on the condition that the giver went with it. Was it possible? Did his adored one consent to make him the happiest of men? "Au revoir, ma belle!" he said as he imprinted a chaste salute on her broad brow and pocketed a cheque for £50,000, which she declared would be but a ficabite hole in her fortune. "A fine fellow, that flea," said Adolphe to himself.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed to Madame Rosaline de Sauve. "What is the stock and goodwill of the business you make it worth? Eh? Two thousand pounds, Bien! Brown shall have it for twelf hundert."

Brown had it, and Adolphe skipped elegantly from sight, previously posting this message to Veuve Whitterby.

"Ma chère Madame,—Million de remerciments. I take airship to my château—d'Espagne. You have parted to me; I part from you for ever and for ever.—Adolphe."

The widow's tirewoman experienced a bad quarter of an hour after her mistress read the letter, but she held her peace as to the cause. As did the widow. The bill for the wedding finery was paid to Brown, successor to Rosaline et Cie, and Barelandbury was relieved. Much oil calmed the troubled waters.

HAL VICKE.

MORNING MUSINGS.

Scrape! Scrape! Scrape!
Each morning I have to shave,
And then with a tonic to coax the hair
The top of my head I lave.
And this is the song I spin
While giving the blade a shove:
"Why can't I be bald upon my chin
And have whiskers that grow above?"

THE WORLD FORGETTING.

Poets are proverbially picturesque, and the illustrated papers said with one voice that of all the poets, alive, dead, or to-come, none could be more picturesque than Narcissus Vale. There were paragraphs everywhere detailing his eccentricities, the fact that he wore a pale blue velvet coat while writing, ate strawberries and wine at dawn, and often in the middle of the night got up to stare at the moon as he felt it helped him to find out the soul of things.

In this manner, his poems sold very well indeed, artists fought for the privilege of illustrating them, and the poems themselves were quite sound so far as the love element went.

Finally, Narcissus dwelt in a flat with a fat cook-housekeeper and a valet.

He lay upon the sofa one afternoon, smoking and thinking. He regarded with interest a new statuette he had bought, and devised a little poem about it.

Then his manservant brought a card in on a salver.

"Mrs. Verulum?" murmured the poet sleepily, "What does she want? Money for a cat's home? Because, if so, I haven't any money."

"She wishes to see you, Sir."

Narcissus smiled:

"What is she like, Baker?"

"Got a veil on, Sir. Dark, I should say."

The poet smiled again:

"Veiled? Heavens—surely not a prophetess, I hope. Well, show her in and inflict tea in ten minutes whether she stays or not."

The man in a moment showed in a tall lady. Once the door was shut, she flung aside her veil and faced the poet.

"Maud!" he said.

"Yes," returned his visitor. "Maud herself."

"But your name isn't Verulum," objected Narcissus, referring to the card "Your name is Thompson."

"That is my sister's card," she said. "I was afraid to send mine in. Oh! I had to come."

Narcissus philosophically selected a cigarette:

"You don't mind my smoking? No, of course not. . . you used to smoke yourself."

"I do now," she said, "when HE is out."

"He being your husband?" asked Narcissus tentatively.

"Yes," she said. "Oh, I hate him."

The indolent Narcissus patted her hand:

"You hate him for a few minutes, Maud. All wives do that sometimes, but you know you love him in your heart"

"I don't," said Maud. "He drinks, and he struck me last night."

"Bosh," said Narcissus, "and I always thought Thompson was such a gentleman. However, if he was drunk when he struck you, you must forgive him. I often strike people when I'm drunk."

"You drunk!" she said. "No, you have too fine a mind. Did you mean that 'Echo of Maud' poem for me? Oh, I wept over it. . ."

"My idea was . . . well, I used the name . . . of Maud . . . I mean . . ."

Narcissus felt annoyed.

"Oh, you did mean it for me then," she said ecstatically. "I knew it. Oh, I was so glad . . . so madly glad. I knew that you still loved me, and that even if he struck me, it didn't matter so long as I could come to you."

Narcissus drew a deep breath:

"Well," he said. "Now let me advise you a little."

"I don't want advice," she said hysterically. "I want to forget everything."

Narcissus put his cigarette out.

"You want some tea," he said unhappily, "and after that you'll be calmer. You are overwrought."

"I have left him for good this time," said Maud.

Narcissus kicked the dog.

"Don't be silly," he said. "He is a good chap, and you know you love him."

"I don't. I hate him . . I always have. I wanted to marry you, but mother forced me into this because of his money."

"Come, be a good girl," he said. "Be sensible, Maud. Thompson couldn't do without you, and a woman's duty is beside her husband."

"How can you say that?" she said, reproachfully. "Why, all your poems are full of love . . . free love . . . glorious love, great and divine."

"That's mostly because I get worried about the rhymes," said Narcissus. "Why, I don't believe in love a bit—not outside working hours. Love poems sell best—at least mine do. Surely you don't believe all you read in p

"Yours are so beautiful."

Narcissus suddenly repented him of innumerable wickednesses, and decided to speak the truth:

"My poems are all rubbish," he said, and the j who had interviewed him last and piously reporte lady's paper the soul searchings of the popular lyr would have gasped at his practical tone. "I write mental rot because it pays. If battle ngs a ter rhymes paid better I should do them. possessor of an overgrown soul—that's all pu tisement. I am merely a man who happens gift of verse. Your husband is worth fifty of m back to him, study him and love him. He is bette it than I."

At the end of a quarter of an hour Maud left the vinced that love never existed, and that it is bet a husband who strikes you, than love for a poet toast and muffins while you expose your him.

Narcissus lay back exhausted upon his sofa.

"Ye gods," he said to his dog. "That was a close And Maud isn't really worth the fag of a divorce— gone off terribly. Besides, after the divorce she expect me to marry her."

Maud's husband cannot understand why he never poetry now.

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MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

[illegible]'s victory over England in the Association match at Middlesbrough was, it is true, a surprise to all. Yet readers of "Modern Life" will remember that the English side was criticised freely in these columns when it was announced. The forwards and half-backs were chiefly to blame, and yet I heard members of the English Selection Committee condemning Crompton and Pennington, the backs, and saying that the only man who did himself justice on the English side was Hardy, in goal. Now is that fair?

[illegible] and Pennington playing behind hopelessly [illegible] half-backs and forwards had a cruel time of it. After their early success the natural enthusiasm of the Irishmen kept them right up to form. a lot above themselves, and they were simply bubbling over with national spirit—I don't mean the distilled crathur—and played on to the English defence like so many miniature whirlwinds. It was fine to watch the whole-heartedness of their display. And with it all they did not lose their heads, but played better and better as the game went on until it was indeed difficult to realise that it was not a club side instead of a scratch team, with Rolls, a full-back, drafted into it at outside-right at the last moment. All were so good that distinctions are not necessary, and except to state that Lacey, at inside-left, was the best player on the field I will leave the past for the future.

FRED McKEE THE MAN WHO KEPT ENGLAND OUT.

PROBABLE NEW PLAYERS.

[illegible] that the F.A. will choose the sides for the Welsh [illegible] on Monday, when they make the draw for the fourth [illegible] of the Cup. By this time they will have calmed [illegible] we may even find Crompton completing his record [illegible] Welsh match by outstaying Rob. Walker, of Scot[illegible] fixture.

[illegible] retain his place in goal; he is as certain of [illegible] R. Johnston is to remain England's full-back. [illegible]gton will, I am afraid, have to be sacrificed, although [illegible] not sure that he deserves to be dropped. Still, Col[illegible], of the Crystal Palace, and English, of Sheffield [illegible], are playing so well, that the old partnership will, I [illegible]fraid, be dissolved, and Crompton will have to coach [illegible] partner into the mysteries of International soccer.

[illegible] we can sacrifice two of the three half-backs. [illegible] if fit, will have to play in the centre, for Buckley, [illegible] the spoiler and defensive player, has no knowledge of attack, and, curiously, practically all the opportunities of opening out the game went to him last week. [illegible]all's left either Grimsdell, of the 'Spurs, or Bradshaw, of Blackburn Rovers, seem the best men. Both are sound in defence, and when their forwards are well on the ball of their opponents they are as useful as two extra forwards, and both are fine shots. The right half-back place is a difficult one to deal with, but there are worse players than the Rev. K. R. G. Hunt for the position, and Booth, of Brighton, would have done better than Cuggy did against Ireland. But that was Cuggy's off day, and, anyhow, he was [illegible] the trio, so he may perhaps remain.

THE CAUSE OF ENGLAND'S DEFEAT.

The whole crux of the matter lies in the forward line, and here the Selection Committee, doubtless thinking that against Ireland at Middlesbrough they could make experiments, and take risks, foolishly went so far that they brought about a debacle.

In the Blackburn team the attack has all the year consisted of the two wings, who have practically played on their own, leaving the centre-forward—of which there have been several trying to fill a difficult position in such a line—to get on as best he could. Now, if the Committee wanted the Blackburn style they should have drafted in the two complete wings, Hodkinson and Latheron on the left, and Simpson and Shea on the right. Instead of that they drop the two extreme wingers and give Latheron and Shea two strange partners. These men, accustomed to play for their own hand so far as the centre-forward is concerned, played for it against their wing men, and the result was chaotic.

It was a few minutes before the interval that Wallace got his first pass from Shea, and Martin, on the left-wing, got nearly all the chances he had from long curling kicks across the field from Bob Crompton. It was ludicrous, and I felt very sorry for Martin, Elliott, and Wallace, who never ought to have been placed in such a ridiculous position.

A FEW POINTERS FOR THE SELECTORS.

I suppose we shall have a complete change, and a new lot of forwards who have not even played in the trials, but I think that the way was absolutely shown to the Committee by the two trials at Stamford Bridge and Sunderland, and emphasised by the defeat at Middlesbrough. To my mind the forwards stand out a mile, and the line should be, Walden (outside-right), who paved the way for three of the four goals at Sunderland; Fleming (inside-right), about the cleverest individualist playing to-day, and moreover a match-winning forward; V. J. Woodward (centre), because he is the best centre-forward since "G. O.," and although getting towards the veteran stage himself, is still the best centre-forward in England; Holley (inside-left), because it was madness to leave him out if Martin is the best outside-left, and Martin was the best of England's quintette on Saturday, and only wanted his club mate with him to have turned defeat into victory. But be prepared for a new team, composed for the most part of players who neither appeared in the trials nor in last Saturday's calamity.

CRAMPTON PENNINGTON AND HARDY
ENGLANDS FAMOUS TRIO WHO MAY BE SUPERSEDED BECAUSE IRELAND GOT PAST THEM THREE TIMES IN LAST SATURDAY'S INTERNATIONAL.

WOODWARD'S SIXTY CAPS.

Mention of V. J. Woodward above calls to mind the interesting fact that he played in his sixtieth international match when he played for the English against the Welsh Amateurs a few days ago. Sixty international matches, and still at the head of all English centre-forwards, and the F.A. make experiments.

SECOND RUGBY VICTORY.

The Rugby encounter, at Twickenham, which was watched by the King, Mr. Asquith, and a big crowd, had a happier ending. True to tradition Ireland started with a great burst, and were seven points up in nine minutes, thanks to a wonderful drop goal by Lloyd, and a try by Quinn after a characteristic dribbling run by the Irish forwards. England got a couple of tries by half-time, and wore the Celts down before the close, and won handsomely. All the same it was a great game. Roberts was a conspicuous success as left-wing three-quarter. He is essentially a right-wing man. He carried the ball under the wrong arm, and was in consequence unable to hand-off, one of the most effective features of his play. W. J. Oakeley and Davies were great at half, and will hold their places for the Scottish match at Inverleith.

Poulton will stay in the three-quarter line—he was about the best man on the field—and Lowe will not be dropped.

I think, although he was not quite at his best. He looks to want a rest and may get it before the great Calcutta Cup contest. He has been in pretty hard training now all the winter, and has to take his part in the sports, so that a stop from Rugger for a week or fortnight will do him good. F. E. Chapman tried hard, but didn't have a particularly happy day. I am told he tried really to do too much.

The forwards were better than against Wales, H. G. and A. L. Harrison, of the United Services, improving the pack out of all knowledge. But it must be remembered that the Irish pack although a good one didn't come up to that wonderfully fine eight that represented Wales, which is, a good many old experts aver, the best that has ever played for the Principality.

The England side will not be much changed for the Scottish match. It has pulled through twice, and but for a tendency to start slowly among the forwards it is quite a good one. Of course, I couldn't be at Twickenham and Middlesbrough, so I can only repeat what I have been told by good judges.

THE ENGLISH CUP TIES.

To-day (Saturday) cup ties will bring us down to the last eight in the cup. I went into this fully last week, and need only say that I expect Sunderland, Aston Villa, Blackburn Rovers, West Ham, and Millwall to find places in the last eight. The other matches are very open indeed.

AMONG THE BOXERS.

The boxing boom shows no signs of being played out, international and championship matches following one upon the other so quickly that it is difficult to keep pace with them. For instance, having seen Percy Jones beat Bill Ladbury for the Lonsdale Belt, I missed his match with Criqui, the Frenchman, at Liverpool This was not a championship, and was, moreover, only over 15 rounds. The Frenchman got the verdict, but it was not a popular one, and they will probably meet again for the championship over the full course.

They are so hard up for competent referees who can spare the time or have the inclination to preside on Monday nights at the National Sporting Club that there is talk of reverting to the old style of two umpires and a referee. Not to put too fine a point upon it, several of the decisions in the last twelve months have been so criticised that something was necessary. There was another the other night when Lance.-Corporal Miller got a decision over Harry Sterling that he did not win. There were plenty of surprised people in the Club, but none so surprised as Miller and his seconds.

THE BLAKE-WELLS MATCH.

Blake and Wells are both training hard and both confident of victory in their big match at the Palladium March 3. Blake has a new kind of dance that he calls boxing, but which is more like a tango than boxing, as up his quickness on his feet. Wells is at Leigh-on-Blake at Hampstead Gymnasium, which Mr. Clark, of the N.S.C., started with the idea that amateurs wanted to train would raid it, and who lost a pot of by thinking in that way. Burge has taken the gym years, and has fitted it up with all the latest devices.

Georges Carpentier's next match is at Nice, on March with Kid McCoy, pupil of Bob Fitzsimmons, who, like says he has, or can, come back, and show himself a man than any of the present white hopes. I don't but I fancy he'll dream about it before Carpentier ished with him. He is one of the very last youngsters advisable to come back and tackle. Georges gets of blood on him, and he is so amazingly quick, that by any means an old man's meat.

I met Joe Borrell at the N.S.C. last Monday. me he was over here after Blake, and wants the weight title very badly. When the Blake and Wells over I fancy Blake will be agreeable, and we may the Bandsman dropping his pride and consenting to cut at the middleweight title instead of going all the topmost niche.

Biz Mackey, who broke his hand with his first against Bowker at the N.S.C., and who sustained a fracture, has a hard luck story. He was taken to Paris promoter and left stranded after breaking his arm in with Paul Til. On recovering he took part in some affairs, and got enough together to come to England match at the National. Here the second accident and Mackey is so dead out of luck that he feels like to beat Burgess and Webb's Channel record by swim back to the States.

TO STOP GEORGE GRAY.

If George Gray does succeed in winning the Billiard trol Club Championship by means of the red ball break it is more than probable that a special alteration will be in the rules before next season, limiting the number of secutive losing hazards off one ball to 25, exactly in the way that cannon runs are limited to 25 ball to ball. It would seem that billiards is a game of infinite possi They had to stop the spot stroke because of Peall, anchor cannon stroke because of Tom Reece and now they are going to pull up George Gray for the use of his losing hazard striking. I remember a young re commenting on a break of John Roberts in the Leader," with the words: "It was a big break but good as some I have seen. He did not have a difficult to make. I could have scored as many myself with same leaves." Those, or words to that effect sum what was written. Grey perfects a stroke and makes easy to himself, and moreover has the temperament to it. The others play for the public at the top of the game, and the public would not pay to see thousands by centre pocket losers. So Gray must be sacrificed does it not seem silly that you and I, dear reader, be barred the delights of the spot, anchor or long breaks because a few pros. have made them a mechanical science? Wouldn't we like to do it?

MISCELLANEOUS PARS.

Big James Paddon, the Australian sculling champion signed articles for a match with Ernest Barry for the and English titles on the Thames, and sails at the April or beginning of May. The race will take in the last days of August or early in September. who feels that Barry has side-stepped him, may fix match with Sidney Kemp, who will come with and train don. He is a nephew of the old-time champion Peter that ilk.

Sandy Herd, who had secured a lead of nine holes George Duncan at Cannes in the first half of their match, had to struggle hard to retain the lead and win match in the second half at Nice. Indeed, in the Duncan, who went round in 70, had reduced Herd's three up, and in the afternoon was only one down eight to go. Then things went wrong. He lost the two holes, halved the next, and by losing the fifteenth the match by 4 and 3. A two by Herd at the twelfth tled the contest. Duncan has never yet beaten Herd set match. Here's a chance for an enterprising club wants an attractive fixture for a Saturday in the season Youth and Age, Young school v. the Old.

THE CHIEL AMONG

WANTED—A MAN.

There seems just now, according to Lord Claude Hamil- to be a dearth of Englishmen who are capable of taking the responsibility of important managerial posts. This k of English organisers has been marked by the appoint- nt of a shrewd gum-chewer from across the pond as eral-manager to the Great Eastern Railway, there being parently no qualified Englishmen shewing on the horizon. e future looks gloomy for the inhabitants of these islands, before many moons have passed we may read something the following advertisements in the *Times*:—

ANTED.—Immediately, or before the next war, a ND MARSHAL. Previous experience non-essential, ave a turned-up Kaiser moustache. Must be ed, preferably a drinker of Schnapps, and candi- the post will be required to sign a guarantee that in three months the troops will be able to use the se "Wackes" intelligently and intelligibly, and will also ustomed to the use of the sabre under any and every umstance. Additional marks up to five per cent. will given to Germans.

ANTED. — SUFFRAGETTE LEADERS. — Apply tly to the W.S.P.U. Owing to loss of many of our ders and retirement of others into their cells, there are w many vacancies. Candidates must have more initia- and frenzy than our present leaders and must be able talk for five minutes without taking breath. Preference given to wild women from Central Africa.

ANTED.—LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION. Must willing to give up his life fighting even to the last ditch the head of our troops against the Irish. Irishmen, or dians who can speak with good Irish brogue, for pref- ce. His war-cry must be "Law and ordure," and he t produce a certificate attesting his proficiency in slang. premium required. Must be prepared to assist in the se and be generally useful. Liberal terms. Short rs and Sundays free.

ANTED. — CANDIDATES FOR DUKEDOMS. ly early. Englishmen are warned off as we want fresh d and new manners introduced into our aristocracy. ricans warmly welcomed. Would-be dukes must pass nation in coronet carrying and answer questions er to the following:

How would you dispose of your coronet on visiting a fete-palace with a lady?

Would you (a) Hang it over one of your ears? or (b) Sit it? or (c) Wear it on the arm as a bracelet?

reference given to young Americans who can tell a good ing-room story, sing a rag-time song, and in addition regal gatherings with a little sleight of hand. Must refs. of high-spiritedness signed by three musical girls and a bishop.

ANTED.—At once.—HEAD OF POLICE DEPART- NT. Our present methods being slow and out of date live young man would be eagerly welcomed. Candidates rticted to Russians with some previous experience with Russian police. (Failing a Russian an American might ve.)

ely, extortion, contortion, and distortion, and will be Applicants must know the rules of evidence, d in the use of the knout in the presence of two clergy- examiners.

we can see our slow-witted Englishmen gradually being ed from their cosy positions by the more capable for- so [illegible] future advertisements inserted in foreign ese unfortunates may read as follows:—

—Strong, good-looking, wants sit. in any cap. Good Late editor *Punch*. No encumb. Fair knowledge office routine. Willing to do anything. Gardening or entertaining. No wages. Only wants work.

AN.—Good figure, bald, nice voice. Once actor at His jesty's Theatre, wants sit. anywhere, but prefers walking. d walker, very good walker. Willing artist's mod. d poser. Unique attitudes. Good refs.

AN.—Strong, good head, wants job. Small wages. figure. Photo on applic. Good refs. from last place. "Kitchener," War Office.

—Handsome. Aching for sit., marr. Do any- Valet, cook, teacher, white-washer, but excellent Excellent taste in hats. Left last sit. through Apply.—"Winnie," Westminster.

RL.—(Young) Single (as yet) wants sit. in bachelor hold. Tired pres. life. Willing marr. if suit. old guarant. conv. husb. wom. suff. in coup. shakes. ble.—"Chrissey," Paris.

M. L.

MADAME MAUDE'S PATTERNS.

Famous Paris Models.

1d. & 2d. each.

Why pay exorbitant prices for your paper patterns when you can get models just as reliable, and bearing the stamp of Parisian smartness. Madame Maude's famous French patterns are well known in every house where home dressmaking is successfully carried on. We want every housewife in the United Kingdom to get acquainted with them, for we are convinced that when once they have used MADAME MAUDE'S PARIS PATTERNS they will never want to employ any other make.

148. Schoolgirl's Smart Frock, 8-10 yrs.

Here are a few examples of the exceedingly stylish models produced by Madame Maude:

148.—This simple little frock for the schoolgirl is practical and smart at the same time. The ornamental hem and smart magyar yoke of contrasting material suggest a mine of good ideas to practical ladies who have made the most of the bargain season. Any small girl would be proud to wear this dress. **Paper Pattern 2d.**

600. Smart Tunic Suit.

600.—For the last five or six years, tunic suits have been prime favourites with all mothers, not only because they are so easy to make, but also because they are the sweetest "first" suits for little boys that have ever been invented. Madame Maude has the credit of being an expert on tunic styles for kiddies, and the example gives a good idea of her art in this direction. **The Pattern of this Charming Garment is 1d.**

596. Girl's House Overall.

596.—As girls grow older and begin to help mother about the house, or attend to their private hobbies, the need of a serviceable overall is often felt. The accompanying sketch shows a splendid design which completely covers the whole dress. It looks well in either print or art linen. **Paper Pattern 1d.**

149.—Here is a splendid Madame Maude style for the young lady who is already planning early Spring dresses. It has Parisian smartness, simplicity stamped all over it, and will be "all the rage" during the next season. Either a woollen or a cotton fabric would reproduce it to perfection. **Paper Pattern 2d.**

149. Elegant Blouse and Skirt.

You can obtain these patterns from your newsagent, or we shall be pleased to forward catalogue on receipt of penny stamp.

Publishers, MADAME MAUDE'S PAPER PATTERNS, 29, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "AURIGA."

REVIEW OF THE SITUATION.—A temporary stagnation made itself felt immediately after the settlement, and the South African Loan of £4,000,000 went very badly, 80 per cent. being left with the underwriters, and in many quarters it is thought that the little boom is at an end. There is, however, no need for pessimism, as money is likely to remain cheap for some little time to come. New issues, after having done remarkably well for over a month, have for the moment fallen very flat. The Canada Steamship Line Debentures left 90 per cent. in the underwriters' hands, consequently this very fair investment can now be obtained at a discount.

* * *

ALMOST ALL GOVERNMENT STOCKS show a slight fall, but this is only a temporary set back, and as the strength of the general situation becomes known, advances will be renewed, though probably at a slower and more steady rate.

* * *

THE FOREIGN MARKET was no better. Perus and Tintos went back sharply. Curiously Japanese Bonds were not affected by the news of the coming issue of £2,500,000 for Japanese Railways which is to be made in London. Mexican securities are still losing ground, and holders of these should get out now as there will be heavy losses to face all round. At the moment Railway Ordinary are fairly steady, but the First Prefs. are falling and Interoceanic Second Prefs. are being marked down heavily.

* * *

HOME RAILWAYS suffered slightly in sympathy with the fall in Government Stocks, but it is felt that the lower prices of coal and other supplies will benefit the railways considerably during the present year, and Home Rails (the heavy lines) should still be bought. The Brighton traffic showed increases, Great Westerns rose again on the announcement of the dividend, Great Northern Preferred rose slightly, but all the others were lower.

* * *

AMERICAN SECURITIES are still on a low level, but the outlook is for a distinct improvement, and many prominent men on the other side are giving expression to this feeling. The better sentiment is traced to the President's message, and the marked success of the sale of $51,900,000 worth of New York State bonds demonstrates the improved tone. The general feeling is that an era of prosperity lies not far ahead, and a distinct trade revival is already commencing. The Steel Corporation orders are much heavier, and after a long period of slackness they are now practically working at full capacity, with good prospects of this being a bumper year in the history of steel-making in the United States.

If it were not for the serious problems of railway profits, and industrial unrest, and the existing enormous over-supply of undigested securities, things would boom all round. Still, more confidence is being placed in the Administration, and the constructive policies of President Wilson are considered to be distinctly helpful towards the restoration of prosperous times.

* * *

THE HUNGARIAN FOUR AND A HALF PER CENT. LOAN is being issued by Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons at 90¾. These bonds are an A1 security and satisfactory from every point of view. They are a portion of a twenty million odd loan for the repayment of Treasury Bonds, disbursements of the Exchequer, and for the construction and extension of the Hungarian State Railways, and will doubtless be over-subscribed the same day the subscription lists are opened.

* * *

THE CONSTANTINOPLE TELEPHONE Co.'s issue of £200,000 6 per cent. at 97 promises a good yield and is an attractive speculative bond issued under excellent auspices and with good prospects. The concession is a monopoly.

* * *

E.C. TEA ROOMS are attempting to place shares for a small £5,000 venture to compete with Lyons and the A.B.C. shops. With £50,000 something might be done, but as it is these shares should be left severely alone.

* * *

MINES ARE STAGNANT. There is a hesitating tendency which means lower prices all round, but holders of shares generally are not anxious to sell, and th interests lie in other directions. What movemen were averaged downwards with few exceptions, Nigerian Tin, Messina Copper, and Cobalt Town Site

* * *

SOUTH BANNER GOLD MINING Co.'s shares a pure gamble, but show good prospects and are advancing. Ten days ago they were being bough now they are at 5s., and are being held for a further siderable rise.

* * *

RUSSIAN INTERESTS seem to be more active, a deal of interest being taken in Russian Mining Sec but the nett result after all did not amount to much. are, however, some valuable properties in this marke sufficient activity to warrant the belief that advance be made in some of these securities.

* * *

AMONGST INDUSTRIALS Motor Shares are and the tendency is all upward. The Sunbeam schem a new capital issue should go well. Darracq and D Bros. (1913) are advancing. Straker-Squires are exc to hold and will advance considerably as soon as the P know of their great increase of orders in the com motor department. Greater Omnibus Services shou severely alone and holders of these shares should s

* * *

A FIRMER TONE IS COMING AMONGST OI but at present the volume of all these is not to influence prices very much. The improvement to continue, as Paris is also supporting, notably Spie North Caucasians. Shells, Ural Caspians and Ma Premiers are being well supported. Emba Caspians and Premier Oils remained stagnant.

* * *

CITY ITEM.—The Industrial Market is destined to an important part in the Stock Exchange revival which now set in. Amongst the shares of the leading motor facturing companies which for some time past have p popular with investors by reason of the good profits and the prospects of larger profits in the future is th Straker-Squire (1913). Although the Company was formed in November last, it has already justified the an pations contained in the prospectus, and there is good re to believe that the shareholders will receive a good divi At the statutory meeting it was announced that during last year the sales, both for cars and heavy vehicles, in ing omnibuses, had shown an increase of 30 per cent. profits estimated at the flotation of the Company for current year were £18,000, and the prospect of this being exceeded is particularly promising. The Compa shares are being confidently talked up in the mark 30s. or over.

A B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHAN
(45th Edition, 1914).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
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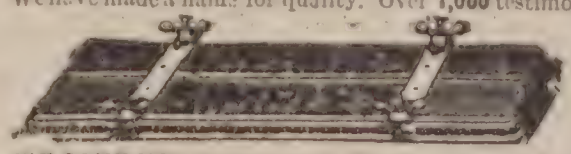
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SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING Co. (H. CLIPSON, Manager),
66, BALHAM HILL, LONDON, S.W.

A PAGE OF DIAMOND'S

The men whose photographs appear in this advertisement have won £9,000 in cash between them. Diamond's square dealing was responsible. There are hundreds of others who have equally good reason to thank our fair and honest methods.

Read what the Editor of "John Bull" says—

"We have no reason to modify the favourable view we have formed of Mr. Diamond's methods of business. The more we see of them the more justified we feel in the advice we have given to our readers. H. Diamond's sweepstakes are perfectly genuine."

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Winners of £1,000.

1. R. P. Weeks, 50 Bailey Street, Brynmawr, Brecon, S. Wales.
2. Geo. W. Webb, J.P., Architect, Market Place Chambers, Reading.
3. J. Jobson, 12 Panmure Street, Dundee.
4. F. C. Papworth, 127 Felsham Rd., Putney, London.

Winners of £500.

1. W. H. Blackshaw, The Lea, Denham, Bucks.
2. H. Colchin, Junr., The Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Sittingbourne, Kent.
3. A. B. Wyatt, 3 Falmer Road, Enfield, Middlesex.
4. B. Ainley, 10 Hamilton St., Old Trafford, Manchester.
5. W. H. Cowdery, The Forester's Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead.
6. T. Philips, 34 The Park, Treharris.
7. F. Smith, 241 High Street, Porth, Glam.
8. C. J. Goulter, 1 St. George's Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey.
9. W. Hargrave, Royal Marine Infirmary, Deal.
10. E. M. Hughes, Tan-Lan, Bethesda, N. Wales.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

With backers cautious after their disastrous experiences of last year, and bookmakers far from generous in the prices they are offering, there has been very little real wagering so far on the Lincolnshire and the Grand National. Fully a week elapsed after the acceptances had been published before a single bet of any account was made, and while the bookmakers will only lay such meagre odds as 9 to 1 against each of the two top weights for the Aintree race punters cannot be expected to be very eager to accept these short rates.

* * *

As I have pointed out before, to win the race again Covertcoat will have to emulate the feat of those great steeplechasers, Cloister, Manifesto and Jerry M, who share the honour of being the only horses in the history of the race to carry the heavy burthen of 12st. 7lb. successfully. Lutteur III. has also practically the same weight as Sir C. Assheton Smith's horse—his impost is 12st. 6lb.—and therefore his task is just as difficult. I am of the opinion that at this early stage the odds against either of the pair should be much longer than those on offer. Lutteur III. is now in charge of Escott, at Lewes, and Alec Carter has been engaged to ride him in the race. This capable French jockey has had no experience of the Aintree country, but neither had Parfrement when he steered Lutteur to victory five years ago. By the way, it is quite on the cards that Parfrement will ride the other French candidate, Trianon III.

* * *

It is worthy of note that in the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase at the annual festival at Cheltenham next month, the handicapper has allotted Lutteur III. 12st. 8lb.—the top weight. The French horse is asked to concede Ballyhackle, who has the second highest impost, one pound, whereas at Liverpool the latter is in receipt of 6lbs. Covertcoat, Irish Mail and Trianon III., the other top-weights in the Liverpool events, are not engaged at Cheltenham, but Rory O'Moore is well looked after with 12st. 3lb., which is 9lb. more than he received for Aintree.

* * *

The wagering on the Lincolnshire—what little we have had—has been of a more open character, and has taken a wider range than that on the Grand National. Cuthbert has been accorded more genuine support so far than any other candidate in the race, and although Mr. F. L. Davis's horse may not be the actual favourite on the day he is almost certain to be one of the most popular public fancies. Personally I should not be at all surprised if he atoned for his ill luck in last year's race, and took the spoils. The Newmarket critics seem very pleased with the manner in which he travels at exercise, and it may be taken for granted that Sadler, junr., will send him to the post as fit as he did Duke of Sparta when the latter won the race five years ago.

* * *

Maiden Erlegh, Sir Martin, and Bonbon Rose have all figured prominently in the "London Betting" recently, but it is by no means certain yet that the former will represent Mr. Sol Joel in preference to Long Set. Maiden Erlegh has a pull of 11lb. in the weights with his stable companion, but Long Set is certainly the more genuine performer. No real move has yet been made with regard to Mr. J. B. Joel's three candidates, Spanish Prince, Happy Warrior, and Blue Stone, and although the last-named has figured in the quotations recently, a waiting policy should also be adopted here. Not being prejudiced against three-year-olds at Lincoln I am of the opinion that Happy Warrior is the most likely candidate of Mr. Joel's trio, and a market move in his favour from that influential quarter would quickly cause his price to be a shortish one.

* * *

The riding of George Duller has been quite a feature of the racing recently, and any mount the Epsom jockey is given quickly becomes a warm market order. Duller, who is one of the very few riders over the sticks to utilise the American crouch, has at the time of writing steered 16 winners in 27 mounts this year.

* * *

Interesting racing is promised this week, particularly on Friday and Saturday, when that very sporting affair the Grand Military meeting at Sandown Park will be decided. Plumpton sets the ball rolling on Monday, when Jack Pot may win the Preston Handicap Hurdle, Boatswain the Keymer Handicap Steeplechase, and Cooden the Four-Y... Handicap Hurdle.

* * *

At Windsor on Tuesday, Lord Rivers may se... Burnham Steeplechase, Red Sorrel the Falstaff H... Steeplechase, and Blind Hockey the Bracknell ... Hurdle. Carrigrue may take the Royal Handicap ... chase on the second day, Codetta the Staines H... Hurdle, and Tenbury the Claremont Handicap Steep...

* * *

The Liverpool Trial Steeplechase at Sandown ... Thursday is not likely to bring out a large field ... fall to Ilston, Wrack should take the Warren Hurd... Thowl Pin the Corinthian Handicap Steeplechase.

* * *

The Grand Military Gold Cup on Friday may be ... Mr. P. Wyndham's Rathnally, the Past and Present ... cap Steeplechase by Lycabettus, and the Coombe ... Open Selling Hurdle by Franco. On the second day ... Ninian should win the Imperial Cup (open hurdle h... An der Wien the Maiden Steeplechase, and Finnigan ... to be a good thing for the Grand Military Handicap ... chase.

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITIONS.

We have had several claimants to participation ... prize awarded for our Fifth Football Competition, ... accordingly decided to delay sending the amounts ... last week pending an enquiry.

SIXTH COMPETITION.

We have been unable to complete our scrutiny ... coupons sent in for the Sixth Football Competition ... for announcement in this issue.

Mr Pester: Did I understand you to say that I was ... a bad example for the children?

Mrs. Pester: By no means. I said you were ... example—of what to avoid.

* * *

It comes natural to a woman to have the last word ... a man can nearly always get it if he is willing to ... it in a cheque book.

* * *

"Does your daughter dance all the latest dances?"

"I suppose so. She never gets home from a party ... two o'clock in the morning."

* * *

Better a threadbare coat than a breach of promise.

* * *

"I sometimes wonder if my life is worth living."

"So do I."

"Ah, then you have found your life a disappointment."

"Not at all; it is your life we were speaking of."

* * *

Fortunate is the man who doesn't get all that is coming to him.

* * *

NATURALLY.

Socialist Orator: Tell me why it is you have to work from morning until night.

Auditor: It is the only time we get. We sleep from ... till morning.

* * *

Thinking over our own faults makes us talk less of other people's.

* * *

"I kept my head when I fell into the water," ... the young man.

"How fortunate," replied the caustic maid; "it must have helped you so nicely to float."

* * *

Old bachelors were made to show married men what might have been.

* * *

Clerk (country hotel): First train 3 a.m., sir—milk ...

Guest: Um—what time is the first milk punch ...

* * *

"Why don't you make hay while the sun shines, ... of letting the grass grow under your feet?"

"Well," replied the leisurely man, "you've got ... the hay a chance to come up, haven't you?"

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

I have been re-reading this week "Sartor Resartus," by Thomas Carlyle, a writer who has less book sale to-day than, say, Marie Corelli; but these two distinguished authors have different styles, and the discriminating public has a habit of paying for what it happens to want.

* * *

"Sartor Resartus"—or "The Tailor Patched"—is a book on clothes and tailors, but the young knut who is anxious to inform himself of the latest lines in cut, and the toniest shade in purple suitings, is not recommended to this as a book of reference.

* * *

It is a purely academic work on clothes, the want of them, the use and significance of them, and the dignity of the art which produces them; and out of my spare-time reading of this classic, written some fifty years ago, I get some ideas to put before students of "Outer Man."

* * *

Everyone is acquainted with the old-time tag, "Clothes make the man"; but does everybody recognize that this is a cold fact, that it certainly is so?

* * *

I make a weekly Turkish bath one of the luxuries of my life, increasing the frequency of these where time and inter-missions of toil permit. In one of these recent joy-cycles, reclining in the hot room, in that period of delicious languor after reaching the perspiration stage, I commenced a leisurely stock-taking of my neighbours.

* * *

Some were fat, some were thin; some were shapely, some were—not; some were bald, some were hairy men, like Esau of old; some had an aristocratic bearing, others looked commonplace; *all* were in loin-cloths, and the question I put to myself was—who was who, who was somebody, and who was nobody in particular? But the conundrum was insolvable—none of them had clothes (barring, of course, the aforesaid loin-cloths).

* * *

I decided to note carefully the particulars of face and features of a few of these figures stretched out around me, place them in life's lists according to what they appeared in primeval garb, and later on keep a watchful eye on the exit chamber, to see how far my judgment was correct.

* * *

I found my diagnoses woefully at fault. The well-set-up, aristocratically-miened man, with all the bearing of the Novelette's belted Earl—of the Sudatorium—was a waiter carrying off to a night's duties and handsome tipping at neighbouring swagger restaurant; while the insignificant, skinny, narrow-foreheaded nonentity of the bathing chamber lingered upstairs in the hands of the manicurist and chiro-podist, smoking a gold-tipped Turkish cigarette, and finally drinked his way to a taxi-cab arrayed in silk underwear, Saville Row evening dress, and be-diamonded studs, with Solomon in all his glory a bad runner and unplaced in the race.

* * *

Yes! clothes do make the man, and the man who makes the clothes is a bigger power in the land than he is com-monly given credit for. The tailor is the man who creates the coverings for the body which dub the wearer as coster-monger, or clerk, or navvy, or field-marshal, or cab-driver.

* * *

Unless every man carried printed upon his shirt front, or cerebriazoned on his hat-band his degree, rank and armorial bearings his clothes would be the only indication of who or what he was. Mildly parodying Shakespeare, men—*sans* hat, *sans* coat, *sans* vest, *sans* trousers, *sans* boots—are all level, and Jack is as good as his master, sometimes better.

* * *

Gentlemen, hats off to the tailor!

* * *

A morning contemporary has a paragraph saying that brown boots have practically disappeared, that between Trafalgar Square and Ludgate Circus he only passed seven pairs of brown boots, and that a boot-black told the writer of the said paragraph that his cake of brown polish had grown hard for want of use. I should recommend this gentleman to consult an eye specialist. I think he is troubled with myopia.

* * *

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *Modern Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their own peril. The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

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